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1877

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C  
CANADIAN NOMS-DE-PLUME

IDENTIFIED:

WITH SAMPLES OF THE WRITINGS TO WHICH THEY  
ARE APPENDED.

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BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.

CANON OF ST JAMES', TORONTO.

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TORONTO:

COPP, CLARK & CO., PRINTERS, 67 & 69 COLBORNE STREET.

1877.



# INDEX.

	PAGE
Alan Fairford.....	9
Backwoodsman .....	40
Bon Vieux Temps .....	27
British Canadian .....	46
Canadian, A .....	48
Charity, Who sang the Song of .....	54
Claud Halcro .....	52
Cinna .....	31, 50
Erie-us .....	49
Fidelis .....	56
Graduate .....	44
Guy Pollock .....	6
Isidore .....	53
Legion .....	31
Libertas .....	18
Maple Leaf .....	15
Mentor.....	38
Mercator .....	39
Nerva .....	26
Patrick Swift .....	35
Plinius Secundus .....	51
Pioneer of the Wilderness .....	42
Presbyter of Diocese of Toronto .....	43
Reckoner ....	38
Roseharp .....	48
Scotus .....	45
Solomon of Streetsville .....	12
Veritas.....	25
Whistler at the Plough .....	16
Wil. D'Leina .....	55
Zadig .....	52





## SOME CANADIAN NOMS-DE-PLUME IDENTIFIED.

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I suppose all countries that have a literature at all, have a certain number of pseudonymous writings to shew, which have become classic, so to speak ; a certain number of productions under feigned names, that have acquired a repute or a notoriety beyond anything perhaps that their authors had ever anticipated for them. The oldest literatures of which we have any knowledge exhibits examples of such writings. To this day we have in circulation compositions assigned to Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, Hesiod, Pythagoras, which it is certain those personages never penned. In like manner, in the far east of Asia, the names of Confucius, Mencius, Manes, Sakyamouni, Mahomet, are abused. And all this not, in every instance, originally from a gross intention to deceive. It seems to have been an early practice, everywhere perhaps, and one held to be within certain limits legitimate, to give importance to compositions by attributing them to great men long previously deceased.

And then the sophists and rhetoricians, and, at later periods, the disputants in the schools at universities, have now and then unintentionally misled posterity by their declamations, in which illustrious characters were personated and their style imitated. These productions, intended simply as exercises of subtlety and skill, have been, in the lapse of time, occasionally assigned to the authors respectively mimicked, as their genuine offspring. Thus we now have a Plato and a pseudo-Plato ; an Aristotle and a pseudo-Aristotle ; a Lucian and a pseudo-Lucian ; a Cicero and a pseudo-Cicero. Thucydides and Livy have much to answer for in this regard, having led the example of putting into the mouths of their heroes formal speeches, which, however worthily and truthfully conceived, were never uttered.

In theology, sad to say, a like practice has prevailed, to such an extent that the modern divine has to be very wary in regard to the writings which he quotes as authority. For among the Fathers and

the Decretalists it is discovered now that, as the French say, "*Il y a fagots et fagots.*" When we buy the Glenfield starch, are we not constantly told to see that we get it? It is just so with Cyprian and Athanasius, and many others of that class; when you cite them, you have to see to it that it is they.

At later periods, pseudonyms have been used for purposes of concealment, and the writings to which they were attached became famous. The Abbé St. Cyran in 1635 wrote his famous defence of the French hierarchy, under the title of Petrus Aurelius; and Paschal originally subscribed the name of Louis de Montalte to his well-known Provincial Letters. There is in France a whole Dictionary of "*Auteurs Déguisés sous les noms Etrangers, Empruntés, Supposés, Feints à plaisir, Chiffrés, Renversés, Retournés, ou Changés d'un Langue en une autre.*" Baillet, the compiler of this work, has also a department in his "*Jugements des Savants*" for "*Auteurs Déguisés.*" The name by which Paul Sarpi was known as historian of the Council of Trent was Pietro Soave Polano, an imperfect anagram of Paolo Sarpi, Venetiano. That Sarpi had some reason to protect himself by a disguise, is shown by what befel him on the Bridge of St. Mark's, where he was waylaid by assassins and stabbed all but mortally. In Germany, Frederick von Hardenberg, author of "*Hymns to Night*" and the mystic romance entitled "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen,*" is usually known and quoted as Novalis.

In Great Britain and Ireland, while yet open criticism of the policy of Ministers was held to be seditious—when the publication of parliamentary debates was forbidden, and the press generally was gagged—a pseudonymous literature of a wide range of course sprung up. It was only under disguised names that enlightened men, in many an instance, ventured to promulgate their doctrines which, however salutary to mankind, were yet unacceptable to those in power, and sometimes to the bulk of the community likewise. Sometimes the mask assumed was so effectually retained that, in spite of considerable curiosity on the point, posterity has been left in doubt. Whole shelves are filled with conjectural replies to the queries, Who was Martin Marprelate? Who was Junius? But Peter Pindar's secret was quickly discovered; as also was Peter Porcupine's and Peter Plimley's, no particular pains having been taken in any of these cases to preserve it. The same may be said of Runnymede and Historicus.

In very recent times, several literary ladies have veiled their sex under such *noms-de-plume* as George Sand, George Eliot, Currer Bell, Acton Bell, Ellis Bell; and by the adoption of this course, they have created for themselves an entity, so to speak, independent of their proper persons; a thing which has happened in similar manner to some male authors also. When we hear or read of Sholto and Reuben Percy, of Thomas Ingoldsby, of Father Prout, of Arthur Sketchley, of Barry Cornwall, who is not inclined to think of each of them as substantial, real personages? We hear sometimes of persons carving out a name for themselves; here the process is reversed—names carve out and create for themselves persons.

In the United States they have closely followed the literary practices and caprices of the mother country. Some years before the Revolution, Franklin was widely known as Richard Saunders, the "Poor Richard" of the Almanac from 1732 downwards. In later times, Dietrick Knickerbocker, historian of New Amsterdam, *i.e.*, New York, became a quasi-actuality, whilst the second assumed name of the same author, Geoffry Crayon, became a familiar expression throughout England as well as the United States, and was regarded by many as almost a real cognomen. In late years, Mr. Hosca Biglow has nearly equalled Geoffry Crayon in extent and degree of reputation. Numerous other appellations of this class have likewise become household words, throughout the United States at least; for example, Ik. Marvel (Donald Mitchell), Jack Downing (Seba Smith), Gail Hamilton (a lady, Miss Dodge), Mark Twain (T. L. Clemens), Petroleum J. Nashby (D. R. Locke), &c. The supposed United States characteristic practice of citing only the initial of an intermediate Christian name, as here, has given rise to the not very elegant *nom-de-plume* of Orpheus C. Kerr (R. H. Newell), intended to be a bit of satire on carpet-baggers and other hungry parasites of the several governments and municipalities.

Now, our Canadian literature has something to shew analogous to these developments in the literatures of older communities. Our Canadian literature, indeed, in what may be called its more infantile stage, has consisted, in great measure, of productions to which, for reasons arising out of the times, were affixed fictitious signatures. And I have thought that it might be a matter of some interest, and even of some utility, to collect the more important of these feigned names, giving at the same time samples of the writings to which they

are appended, and naming their authors where possible or proper to do so. I do not pretend to give a list of the innumerable *Agrícolas*, *Justitias*, *Catos*, *Pro-bono-publicos*, &c., that from time to time have abounded in our Canadian papers and periodicals, as in all papers and periodicals, each treating, fitly doubtless, and reasonably, of a topic of the moment just once, and then emerging to the view no more, and so passing into complete oblivion. This would be an endless task, and to identify the respective writers would be a matter perhaps of not much moment. But there have appeared from time to time amongst us, under fictitious signatures, during our short history, especially in what seems to us now a rather remote past, writings which deserved and have acquired more than an ephemeral repute, and which have exerted over our mixed yet plastic Canadian society, an influence that may be said, in some sense, to continue to the present time. It is the authors of such productions as these that I am to trace and put on record, as contributors in some sort to our nascent Canadian literature, and perhaps to the formation of our Canadian national character.

On subjects then that may be roughly classed as follows, I find writings of the kind described :

1. Our Politics : our politics while Canada was yet known as the two Canadas, Upper and Lower ; and our politics just after the re-union of the two provinces into one. 2. The promotion of emigration. 3. The question of education. 4. Miscellaneous subjects ; as, for example, the fostering of patriotism towards Canada, and love and reverence for the mother country, the cultivation of literature and taste in general. And these writings divide themselves into prose and verse.

On the prose side we have, in relation to the politics of the first-named period, the writings of *Veritas* and *Nerva*. In relation to the second, those of *Patrick Swift* and *Legion*. On the subject of emigration we have the *Backwoodsman*, the *Pioneer of the Wilderness*. On the educational question there are *Graduate*, *Scotus*, *British Canadian*. Under the general head of the inculcation of taste in art and literature, the promotion of patriotism, loyalty, attachment to the mother country, we have *Guy Pollock*, *Alan Fairford*, *Solomon of Streetsville*, *Maple Knot*, *Maple Leaf*, *The Whistler at the Plough*, and *Libertas*.

On the poetical side, touching of course lightly and gracefully on



subjects more or less identical with those just enumerated, we have Roseharp, Cinna, Isidore, Plinius Secundus, Claud Halero, Zadig.

I exclude with regret, from a kind of necessity, Lower Canadian French *noms-de-plume*, not having convenient access to the early journals and other publications which from time to time have appeared in what is now the Province of Quebec ; but I know there are several which are duly honoured by literary men there. I also exclude the writings of Mr. Samuel Slick, the famous clock-maker of Slickville, the decease of their author having occurred before his native province, Nova Scotia, was comprised within the Canadian boundaries.

I begin with the prose writers ; and of these I dispose first of those whom I have classed as miscellaneous.

In the periodicals of 1833 and of several successive years, published at Toronto, appeared many communications on miscellaneous subjects, signed Guy Pollock. They attracted general attention, being marked by an elevation of thought and culture beyond the ordinary, and by a good style. I give a passage from a description of the Falls of Niagara, by Guy Pollock, in the *Canadian Literary Magazine* for April, 1833, in which he offers some strictures on the great cataract thus : " Were I to write a criticism on nature—which, by the way, would be something like presumption—I would say," Guy Pollock writes, " that for producing a grand emotion, the cascade is too low when compared with its extent across the river. The architectural proportions, as builders express the idea, are not preserved, the river even grows broader immediately above the Falls—a circumstance which gives the cascade too much the appearance of an immense mill dam—an appearance which excites a very ordinary, although, no doubt, a very useful idea. The Falls of Niagara are great," he continues, " and therefore in some measure grand ; but, unless for their magnitude, which in that respect gives them a decided superiority, they are, in respect of sublimity of aspect and grandeur of surrounding scenery, far inferior to the Falls of Clyde, round which the jackdaws are screaming, above the goshawks are soaring, and under the overhanging groves the bat flies at noon. Compared with the Falls of Clyde, those of Niagara have a lifeless appearance."

The following is from a chapter on craniology in the same periodical, by the same writer, under the same signature : " The common

reproach of wanting brains, a round head, and a thick skull, are mere colloquial expressions, often spoken at random, to suit the humour of the moment," Guy Pollock says; "but on inquiry they are found to be strictly philosophical expressions, sanctioned by the experience of ages. This physical deficiency in the position and quantity of the brain, explains, on philosophical principles, the grand secret why the Ethiopians have so long been retained in a state of slavery. That knowledge is power is an undisputed aphorism, which applies well to the present condition of the Ethiopian species; they want knowledge to discover and appreciate their own power, otherwise they would have broken the gyves of slavery in pieces long before this evil hour: for the first use that every man makes of knowledge is to turn it to his own advantage. It is the same want of knowledge, in a still greater degree, which constitutes what we call docility in the horse or elephant. The strength of either of these animals is far beyond that of a man: but they know it not; they cannot avail themselves of their natural superiority in this respect, therefore they are confounded by the commanding skill of their drivers, and tamely submit to their dominion."

Guy Pollock is understood to have been Robert Douglas Hamilton, a Scottish M.D., who had seen service as a surgeon in the army and navy. He emigrated to Canada in 1830, and died in Scarborough, near Toronto, in 1857. Before his emigration Dr. Hamilton was known in Scotland and England as the author of works of fiction, and of essays on medical and other subjects.

The *Canadian Literary Magazine*, published at Toronto in 1834, was edited by a gentleman afterwards well known in the literary world of Canada by the *nom-de-plume* of Alan Fairford. Under this signature appeared in a widely-circulated Canadian periodical a series entitled "The English Layman." The subjects handled therein were such as the following: The connection between Democracy and Infidelity, Duties of the Laity, Plain Reasons for Loyalty, the Press, Sacrilege, &c. In all the productions of Alan Fairford there is noticeable a fine, manly sentiment expressed in remarkably vigorous and pure English. I quote from the introduction to his paper entitled, "Plain Reasons for Loyalty." The scene is Cobourg, on Lake Ontario. We are reminded of the style, now of Paley, now of Washington Irving. "I sit," Alan Fairford says, "while I write, beneath one of those lofty, drooping elms which, having been spared

from the general havoc of their sylvan brethren, are to be found here and there, erect in single beauty, relieving the eye after it has been wearied in gazing on extended masses of unbroken foliage. It stands on a ridge in the midst of an open country, and when seen from a distance on a summer's evening, with a sky as yet glowing with a thousand inimitable tints, it displays so minutely all its tracery, branches, and even leaves, that it appears as if it would be no difficult task to count them. But the day is as yet in all its meridian splendour. The shrill, cheerful chorus of the grasshoppers rings in my ears. The echoes of the flail mingle with the softer murmur of the breeze that wantons with the leaves over my head; and every sound and sight proclaims that the sand has still some hours to run before the hum of industry and the voice of creation will be mute. Rich, various and beautiful is the landscape on which I gaze. At my feet the country descends into a gentle slope; to this succeeds a narrow, fertile valley, with a stream winding through it that waters the meadow, turns the wheel of the mill, and contributes alike to the sustenance and health of man, the cool refreshment of the panting cattle, the growth of manufactures, and the promotion of agriculture. Beyond the valley the ground ascends into a gentle undulation. Fields that have consigned their produce to the barn, lie denuded of their wealth, but dotted here and there with browsing cattle. A range of woods, with many a crested eminence wrapped in the blue haze of an autumnal day, terminates my view. The frost has not yet scattered the colours of the rainbow over the forest, but there is nothing like sameness in the glorious landscape. Orchards laden with reddening fruit, the white farm house with its commodious outbuildings, the country inn, flanked by a long line of Lombardy poplars, which here need not droop for want of Italian skies, the towering mill with its pointed angles, and the broad Ontario stretching to the right, are objects that successively attract the eye as it travels with human restlessness in search of novelty and variety. Now I turn my head, and perceive that the picture is incomplete, for I have not yet introduced into it a pleasing scene of the unfinished harvest—the sheaves that you cannot look upon without thanking God for your daily bread, and the rising stack on which they will shortly be piled. Alongside of the gathered and gathering treasures of the present year, the husbandman is committing to the rich fallow the promise of the next; and my mind is at once regaled

with the sight of a present plenty and the prospect of its undiminished succession. To whom do these woods and meadows, these streams and valleys, these smiling homesteads, these flocks and herds, belong? Does their possessor reside in some baronial hall—the rural king of his surrounding tenantry? Or is the soil the property of a few, while the many rise up early and lie down late, and eat the bread of carefulness? The inequalities of condition and wealth—the characteristics of an old and densely-peopled country—are not as yet known in Upper Canada.”

The following has reference to the Duke of Wellington: “We are prepared to view him meditating gigantic schemes and laying down the plans by which they are to be accomplished. We find no more than we expected when he compresses a life of truth and experience into a single hour, and with an intuitive glance foretells the catastrophes of the various dramas enacting on the world’s wide stage before him. We perceive no cause for special wonderment in his untiring sagacity, in his combination of the aggressive vigour of Marcellus with the defensive caution of Fabius, in his unrivalled practical sense, his unshaken magnanimity, and his lofty disinterestedness. These, it must be confessed, are signal and noble qualities, but they fill us with esteem rather than with affection; they dazzle rather than fascinate our eyes; and their combination is not a novel feature in the character of the world’s foremost men. The traits which these Despatches exhibit to us for the first time, and which previously were not in general accorded to the Duke of Wellington, are those which add love to admiration, and heighten national gratitude into personal attachment. It is ennobling to our species, and delightful to our feelings, to find that the highest excellences of private station are not irreconcilable with the stern career of the victorious warrior, and that the household virtues and the peace-loving humanities of life may be found among the demoralization of camps and the carnage-covered fields of battle.”

I select one more passage from this excellent master of English style. It is from a paper in a humorous strain, entitled, “A Defence of Little Men,” and it professes to be, not by Alan Fairford this time, but by Sir Minimus Pigmy. “Perhaps some tall gentleman is laughing at what I have written,” Sir Minimus says, “but he had better take care not to laugh in my face. Little men are as choleric as Celts; and Sir Jefferey Hudson (a name ever to be venerated by



me) has shown that little men are not to be insulted with impunity. On the breaking out of the troubles in England, the pigmy knight was made a captain in the Royal Army, and in 1644 attended the Queen to France, where he received a provocation from Mr. Crofts, a young man of family, which he took so deeply to heart that a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts appeared on the ground armed with a syringe. This ludicrous weapon roused the indignation of the magnanimous little hero to the highest pitch. A real duel ensued, in which the antagonists were mounted on horseback, and Sir Jefferey, with the first fire of his pistol, killed Mr. Crofts on the spot. I cannot refrain from lingering on the history of the gallant Hudson. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of 'Peveril of the Peak,' has immortalized the chivalrous little knight, and I humbly wish to lend my feeble aid in making known to the Canadian public the deeds of departed littleness."

These remarkable papers were from the pen of Mr. John Kent, chief secretary for a time to Sir George Arthur, one of the Lieut.-Governors of Upper Canada, and afterwards private tutor and confidential secretary to the present Earl of Carnarvon. The influence of Mr. Kent's character and writings on the minds of many of his contemporaries during his sojourn in Canada was very marked.

Between 1848-58, our Canadian Streetsville acquired great distinction and *éclat* as being the scene of the publication of the *Streetsville Review*, a periodical which managed to gain for itself a reputation altogether beyond the average for originality and spirit. Its editor occasionally spoke of himself as Solomon in the columns of this journal, and under this sobriquet, innumerable oracular utterances of the Review were quoted and circulated in most of the newspapers of Canada. Dry Scotticisms and quaintly-formed words and expressions gave a kind of pungency to Solomon's observations on current events. The following will serve as specimens :

From the *Weekly Review* of June 17th, 1854. "Lyrical Lunacy. Solomon has ever regarded it as a leading feature of his mission to check, by judicious application of the taws, that itch for engendering idiotical rhymes which so calamitously characterizes this cranky age. The latest escapade of this description, calling for stripes, appears in the *Commercial Advertiser* of Montreal on Tuesday," &c. He then transcribes and remarks on the doggerel referred to. Again: "Solomon in his slippers. It is a common superstition among the

million that editors are fashioned out of cast-iron, and that they can engender articles from the primary day of January to the final ditto of December without experiencing lassitude or performing the muscular action of a yawn. Never was there a more monstrous fallacy. Solomon at least can speak for himself, that he is subject to all the weaknesses of our common humanity, and desiderates an occasional modicum of repose quite as much as the balance of Adam's multitudinous family." Again: "The rival settlements of Hamilton and Toronto being witnesses, Streetsville is progressing at railroad speed. Like the fabled bearer of the mythical Jack, a sharp-eyed observer can twig the perpetual motion of its growth. Our grist and saw-mills are too numerous to be recapitulated without drawing sundry breaths; our stores emulate the dollar-coining emporiums of King Street (Toronto); and before long, the magic wand of an act of incorporation will call into being crops of civic fathers, wise as Solon, and inflexible as Brutus senior. In these circumstances, we are patriotically desirous that our beloved sucking city should put her best foot foremost, and exhibit to an admiring universe smooth-kempt hair and a shining well-washed face. Now, nothing would tend so much to improve the frontispiece of Streetsville as a sprinkling of trees judiciously emplanted before her churches, marts and villas. Stern truth compels us to admit that the village does not possess an overly inviting appearance to the stranger who, whirled past in the accommodating machine of Squire Harris, snatches a passing glance at her charms. Tardily doth the plasterer and bricklayer repair the dilapidations which accident or senility makes in her dwellings; and too frequently doth the stocking or superannuated Kilmarnock night-cowl usurp the place of plate or crown glass in the windows of her sons. If all these flaws were redressed, most assuredly we would rise in the scale of cityhood so far as appearance went. But chiefly and above all would the arborical immigration which we advocate heighten the witcheries of our far-famed clachan. Let the sceptic on this head pay a visit to the neighbouring republic, and he will frankly admit that we have got the legitimate sow by the ear." Kossuth's avoidance of the British side of the Lakes in 1852 is thus spoken of: "We esteem it as a high compliment that Kossuth has not visited Canada. We thank him for the tacit admission that the spurious metal which so tickled the vulgar taste of our republican neighbours would be altogether thrown away upon the denizens of

British North America. There is, there must be, a lingering fragment of shame about the man after all. It is a redeeming feature in Kossuth's character that he lacked assurance to preach to a free people, like the subjects of Queen Victoria, about freedom, after coming from the land of bondage, redolent with the foul kisses of the tyrant, and gorged with money earned by the toil of the slave."

This Solomon, under another guise, edited the *Anglo-American Magazine*, a valuable periodical published for several years in Toronto by Mr. Maclear. One conspicuous feature of this monthly was a department in which, after the pattern of *Blackwood* of old, a group of friends discuss matters in a free and familiar manner. The personage who figures as the editor in these "Sederunts," as they are called, is "Culpepper Crabtree, Esq.," major in the militia, at whose shanty events and books are made to pass under review; the other interlocutors are the Doctor, the Laird, the Squireen, and Mrs. Grundy. The shanty itself is on the banks of the Humber. It is thus spoken of: "On a gentle slope, some four miles to the westward of the 'Muddy clearing,' as Solomon of Streetsville delighteth to call our city, *i.e.*, Toronto, may be seen one of those primitive fabrics, yeleft in Cannuckian vernacular a 'shanty.'" It is further described. The conversation then proceeds in a natural, chatty way, with a plentiful intermixture of anecdote and humour. Thus in the year of the Duke of Wellington's death (1852), we have:—

"LAIRD.—Ha'e ye read, Crabtree, the vidimus which the *Times* gives of the great Duke's life and character?

MAJOR.—I have, and with unmixed enjoyment. It is one of the most masterly essays which has graced the periodical press for many a long day, far surpassing, in my humble opinion, the highest flights of that showy but intensely superficial writer, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LAIRD.—You are a thoct too hard on Tummus, Major. His sangs o' auld Rome rouse my blood like the blast o' a border trumpet.

MAJOR.—By your leave, Laird, you are creating a man of straw for the mere purpose of demolishing your handicraft. I said nothing against Macaulay as a poet, but merely demurred to his pretensions as a historian.

DOCTOR.—The less a fossil such as you are, Crabtree, says respecting a Whig historian, the better. You know that I, as a Whig, can

never agree with your opinion. We are wandering, however, from the point in hand. What a wonderful establishment the *Times* must be, which, almost at an hour's notice, can turn out such an article as that to which I referred."

Again, in 1852, thus closes a discussion on Cooper, the United States novelist. The Major, or editor, thus speaks of the book before him, viz., a "Memorial of Cooper," as a pleasingly compiled record of certain proceedings which have recently taken place in New York, with the view of giving expression to the public sentiment on the death of that illustrious novelist. On the Doctor's observing that "Cooper's Leatherstocking" is a *chef-d'œuvre*, the Laird rejoins: "I like his writings weel eneuch; but ah, man, he's no to compare wi' Walter Scott," &c. The peroration of a eulogy by W. C. Bryant is quoted, of which the language is somewhat high-flown. This draws from the Squireen the observation: "Ah! how swately the dew of praise must fall on the sensibilities of departed genius, if the spiritual essence be cognizant of the incense of corporeal votaries at its shrine and susceptible of its influence." To which the Laird gruffly replies: "Nane o' your poetical flights o' fancy! Dinna forget we ha'e four miles o' limestone to hirple o'er afore the sma' hours come ringing frae the St. Lawrence Ha'. Guid nicht, Major." (*Exeunt.*) Thus the sederunt closes.

Solomon of Streetsville was the Rev. J. MacGeorge. Mr. MacGeorge, prior to his emigration to Canada, was an experienced litterateur, a contributor to *Fraser* and other English periodicals. In his graver moods, Mr. MacGeorge was a poet of no mean grade, as we shall perhaps hereafter see.

I observe in Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* that in 1858 a work of fiction, highly spoken of, appeared in Montreal, entitled "The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek; or, Canada in all Shapes," by Maple Knot. I regret that I have it not in my power to give a sample of Maple Knot, who was Mr. Ebenezer Clemo, now deceased. The nom-de-plume Maple Knot suggests to me the mention here of "Maple Leaf," or rather "The Maple Leaf," a very handsome Christmas or New Year's gift book, which was published in Toronto in 1847, and in several successive years. The "Maple Leaf" introduced to the Canadian public a goodly company of creditable local writers, who, without the stimulus afforded by this publication, would perhaps never have ventured to try their hand at such



work. The "Maple Leaf" thus contributed much to the genesis of a high-class Canadian literature. It were to be wished that the editor of this volume had identified himself with Maple Leaf as a nom-de-plume instead of resigning it altogether to the volumes of which he superintended the issue. The papers in that book are all anonymous. If none of them are from his own facile and elegant pen, it is certain that the prefaces are his handwork. From these accordingly I venture to make an excerpt or two, treating them as though they had appeared under the signature of Maple Leaf.

First, I give a pleasant account of our Canadian London as it was in 1848, with some remarks on the Canadian habit of transplanting local names from the "Old Country." "The good custom," Maple Leaf says, "of naming places, as they spring into existence in this new world, after the old localities with which the early associations of the settlers are connected, at once attests the affectionate remembrance of the fatherland, and preserves unimpaired the sweet ties which bind us to 'home,' as we still fondly call the far distant land of our birth. In the present case the town of London, the county of which it is the capital is Middlesex, the stream the banks of which it graces bears that name so closely associated with the most thrilling events of English history, the Thames. The toll-gate on the right of our view opens on another Westminster Bridge; and a second Blackfriars would meet the eye if we could but see a little more to the left."

"Procedo et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis  
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum  
Agnosco, Scææque amplector limina portæ."

"Nor is the Canadian stream," Maple Leaf continues, "wholly wanting in historic interest; for in a battle in its neighbourhood fell the noblest Indian warrior that ever drew bow, or raised rifle, in defence of the 'White Father' of the tribes. It was at the battle of the Thames that the gallant *Tecumseth* was lost to his brother warriors, and to his country; but this, however, was at a distance from the scene more immediately under our notice. Elevated on a pleasant bank, which looks down upon the junction of two streams, stands our Canadian London. As it stretches itself towards the waters that flow on either side of it, it seems as if fondling them into that amity with which they embrace and flow on united, ere they leave the reconciler of their variance. From this 'meeting of the

waters'—ah! how unlike that sweet valley in our own dear isle, with

‘Her purest of crystal and brightest of green!’

—the rapid river hastens on through a fertile country, until it pours its tribute into the lap of St. Clair, some miles below Chatham. Long previous to the foundation of the town, the surrounding country was well settled, and contained many wealthy farmets, and the spot was called by the uncouth familiar appellation of ‘The Forks.’”

In another place, we have a reference to the University of Toronto, or, as it was called in 1848, the University of King's College. At that time the work of the University was carried on in the Parliament Buildings, the Government having been removed, when the two Canadas were united, from Toronto to Montreal. A flagstaff is also spoken of in Government House grounds, whereon, when the Governor was here, a flag used to be displayed. After numerous vicissitudes of local history, it is pleasant in 1876 to have our Parliament Buildings at Toronto again put to their proper use; and to see the symbol of a Governor's presence amongst us again floating over the same Government House grounds, which had been for a time deserted. A humorous allusion occurs to the fact that while the University was in occupation of the central Parliament Building, one of the wings of the same building was made a receptacle for lunatics. It is singular that it has been the fate of the University, since its removal to its present magnificent quarters, to have again become a close neighbour to a receptacle for lunatics. “The long ranges of red brick, towards the left of the view,” Maple Leaf says, speaking of an engraving of Toronto, “were once tuneful with the eloquence of our legislators, but are now the peaceful retreat of learning. In the main structure and west wing are the temporary halls and lecture rooms of our noble university, while the building on the east is at present occupied by the Lunatic Asylum, a playful illustration of the poetic adage,

‘Great Wit to Madness nearly is allied.’”

“A little in the rear,” the account of the engraving goes on to say, “above a thick plantation, may be seen the staff which, in days gone by, was wont to bear the flag that indicated to the lieges of Toronto the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in the official residence embosomed by those dark trees.”

Maple Leaf, who thus in 1848, and ten years earlier it may be said, was the first to call forth with sensible effect, and mould into

respectable form, a higher Canadian literature, was the Rev. Dr. McCaul, still among us, engaged in the same work ; not now single-handed, so to speak, but surrounded by compeers of the first class, all "minding the same thing," seconded, too, more or less, by a younger generation scattered throughout Canada, who, having received from such hands the sacred torch of learning and light, are ambitious, it is hoped, to pass it on, trimmed and brilliant, to their successors.

I next make an extract from a volume of a very miscellaneous character, published in Montreal in 1860, bearing on its title page, in addition to the real name of the author, the *nom-de-plume* by which he had previously been extensively known, viz., "One who has whistled at the Plough !" This work is entitled, "The Conservative Science of Nations ; being the first complete narrative of Somerville's Diligent Life in the Service of Public Safety in Britain." The mass of the book consists of matter with which Canada has little concern, but the passage which I quote relates to Canadian affairs. It criticises, it will be seen, the tone adopted by the editor of the *Quebec Mercury* towards the Canadian French, and hints that the politics of that paper are, in his opinion, "small," i.e., somewhat narrow in their range. He also gives his views on the Science of Political Economy.

"Of difficulties in governing Canada, on which you remark with emphasis, I do not," the Whistler says to the editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, "as a stranger, presume to speak beyond this, that the unenfranchised working class of Britain does not inherit an enmity of race, language and religion, against the throne, church, laws and constitution. If you see no difference between the French Canadians who are enfranchised here and the unenfranchised men of Britain, I do. You date the difficulties of Canadian Government from the advent of the Whigs to power at the Reform era, 1830, 1831, 1832, and rail at me for being their ally, while I call myself a Conservative. Sir," he then shrewdly observes, "the difficulty in governing Canada dates from the 13th of September, 1759. Difficulty of government is a penalty of conquest everywhere. Not all the wisest or sternest Tories ever born to the inheritance of power, could govern Canada by a compulsory sword and proscription of race, as you seem to desire, in presence of the United States and of free institutions in Britain. As for Radicals, Whigs, Tories and

any such party alliances, I never was of them. Mine has not been a life of small politics. Much of my literary life has been spent, and my brain worn to even incapacity for literary labour, in rescuing the science of Political Economy from the soulless materialism which had made it, in mouths of Whigs and Radicals, odious to the People. It has been my self-imposed task to humanize and Christianize Political Economy. I assert man to be the primary element in national wealth."

The Whistler, Mr. Somerville, still, I believe, resides in Canada, and occasionally addresses a communication to Canadian journals. It was his intention, at one time, to identify himself with a periodical on Canadian Agriculture. In the preface to "The Diligent Life," he thus speaks of himself: "Having been bred in the toils and joys of agricultural and rural life, its associations have for me a charm beyond all other objects of literature."

By right of subsequent intimate association with our country, we may fairly claim as a Canadian writer, *Libertas*, the author of a book entitled, "The Fame and Glory of England Vindicated," which appeared at New York in 1842, with that *nom-de-plume* on its title-page. It was a review and a refutation in detail of the work of a United States writer named Lister, who, after a visit to England of a few weeks, in 1840, undertook to pronounce judgment on what he saw and heard there, and to give the pre-eminence in most things to the United States. The book was entitled, "The Glory and Shame of England." *Libertas* exposes the mode in which Lister's book was manufactured, and the numerous misstatements and unwarrantable inferences it contained respecting England and her institutions; and in the course of the discussion he is led to give his views—which are enlightened and broad—on the English Corn Laws, the Poor Laws, British and American Tariffs, Taxation, Education, Church and State, Slavery, and other interesting questions; and "in reversing," *Libertas* says, "the low position in which Lister has placed Britain and her institutions, and the high elevation he has assigned to the United States, we conceive that we have done no more than justice requires, and which, we feel assured, impartial history will award to the two countries, when the transactions of the present generation shall be placed on record. \* \* \* The author will think his time well bestowed," *Libertas* continues, "if he shall succeed in



shewing the impossibility of such works as 'The Glory and Shame of England' being published without risk of detection and exposure, or in throwing any additional light on those questions which are now agitating the public on both sides of the Atlantic." I give a passage from the thirteenth chapter as a specimen of the writer's clear and vigorous style. Lister had asserted that "English liberty had its broadest foundations during," as he chose to call it, "Cromwell's splendid administration." *Libertas* then proceeds: "Now, we never knew any man who was a genuine friend of liberty, who admired Oliver Cromwell. With such persons you will invariably find that it is republicanism, not liberty, that they admire. It is not tyranny that they dislike, but monarchy. Cromwell was, like many republicans, a seeker of power. Republicanism was with him, as with Napoleon Bonaparte, the ladder by which he reached that power. Both kicked away the ladder when the power was attained. Will our author say," asks *Libertas*, "what stone was ever laid on the temple of freedom by Cromwell after he reached his elevation? He broke up the remains of the Rump Parliament with a military force, crying out as the last vestige of popular power disappeared, 'Take away that bauble.' He summoned another Parliament, consisting of his own creatures, who went such lengths in folly that even their master was ashamed of them." Then a little further on: "We have often been astonished to hear men, styling themselves democratical republicans, praising Napoleon Bonaparte. That unprincipled man went farther lengths than Cromwell; and yet because he was not born to royalty, and because he overturned ancient dynasties, he is still looked on with respect by republicans, and all his tyranny and ambition are forgotten. The splendid administration and splendid talents of these ambitious men, only rendered them more dangerous to the liberties and independence of nations. The solution of such strange inconsistency is plainly this: that many republicans are not favourable to liberty, and many understand nothing of its genuine principles. It is too readily assumed that republicanism is synonymous with freedom, but such is not necessarily the case. Oppression by a majority is just as much oppression as by a king or aristocracy; and the oppression becomes truly fearful, when that majority delegates its power to wicked and selfish men, and is so ignorant that it is not aware when that power is abused."

Lister, the very unfair, and in fact ignorant criticiser of old England and her ways, was an American clergyman. Hence the motto from Burns on the title-page of the "Fame and Glory of England :"

"Some books are lies frae end to end,  
And some great lies were never penn'd ;  
E'en *ministers*, they ha'e been kenn'd,  
In holy rapture,  
A rousing whid at times to vend,  
And nail't wi' Scripture."

Libertas is known to have been the late Peter Brown, Esq., the founder of the *Globe* journal in Toronto; a Scottish gentleman, freshly remembered in our community for his eminent talents as a journalist, for his high literary attainments and skill, and for many estimable traits of character, as a genial and benevolent member of society.

We now come to our political *noms-de-plume*.

Canada, both in its French and its English portions, has had a troubled history. With a very mixed population, teeming with a variety of clashing prejudices, brought with them or inherited from the Old World, governors sent out by the parent state to guide their destinies, to amalgamate them into one mass, to mould their character into a national consistency, have found, especially in years bygone, that their task was not an easy or a trifling one; and whatever their line of conduct, they were sure to be criticized with severity by one coterie or another in the community. Here, as elsewhere, the newspapers and other local periodicals have been vents for the spleen of individuals; and as at early periods in Canada, Upper and Lower, men in power held it to be proper to stand on their dignity more punctiliously than they do now, it was not quite safe for writers to come out with their strictures *in propria personâ*. Consequently, the local periodicals of the day abound with objurgatory communications under the fictitious signatures usually adopted in the newspapers and periodicals of the same period in Great Britain and Ireland. And when I say in former days men in power were specially touchy, I include in the expression the Houses of Assembly themselves, which were very ready to summon offenders before them for verbal breaches of privilege. Thus Mr. Cary, editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, was sent for by the Lower Canadian House, in 1813, for publishing a communication signed "Juniolus Canadensis," an invective, in the style of Junius, against Mr. Stuart, a member of the House. Mr.

Cary absented himself from the city during the remainder of the Session, and so eluded the search of the Serjeant-at-Arms. But the day after the prorogation the following Card appeared in the *Mercury*: "The Editor's respects to a majority of the House of Assembly. Being just arrived from a tour of business, he learns that the House had evinced much anxiety to see him during his absence. Unfortunately, his return has taken place a day too late for him to have the honour of waiting on the House. He is, however, rather at a loss to conceive how his presence could be in any manner useful in assisting them in their vocation of framing laws."

It would be, of course, an endless and unprofitable undertaking to trace the authorship of the great bulk of pseudonymous productions in early Canadian journals on political subjects. But one *nom-de-plume* which appeared in the columns of the *Montreal Herald*, in the years 1813-15, presents exceptional claims to consideration. The signature of VERITAS has become historical. Moreover, it possessed for a time an additional degree of interest from the slight mystery and uncertainty which attached to it, the author having taken some pains, as I suppose, to maintain an incognito. As all persons concerned have long passed off the scene, no harm will be done now if I remove the veil, as I shall do presently, and for the first time since an uncertainty on the subject sprang up.

Sir George Prevost was the Governor-General of Canada and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in 1812, when the war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, and the letters of Veritas are devoted to an adverse criticism of Sir George's military tactics throughout the unnatural contest. In many of the subsequent accounts of the war of 1812, Veritas is quoted as an authority, but I do not observe anywhere that the real name of the writer is mentioned. It became, in fact, as we shall see, almost irretrievably lost. So late as 1855, after all reason for secrecy had passed away, Auchinleck, in his "History of the War, '12, '13, '14," defends Sir George Prevost against the strictures of the shadowy Veritas. "Veritas observes," he says, "that it is the acme of assurance to insinuate that the [British] Ministry were to blame for the insufficiency [of force in the two Provinces at the outbreak of the war], especially as they could only have a knowledge of our wants through Sir George's information. Now, how in justice," Auchinleck asks, "can Sir George be blamed for not informing Ministers of his requirements for a war which he was instructed [by that Ministry] by all the means in his

power to avoid the promotion of? In his anxiety to attack the movers of the address [to Sir George, on his departure from Quebec] in reference to the war, Veritas has suffered himself to go to the verge of injustice." Again, in Col. W. F. Coffin's admirable and eloquent work, entitled "1812; or the War and its Moral: a Canadian Chronicle," it is observed, "If York (Toronto) had been left defenceless and unprotected; if a ship of war in the hands of the shipwright had been recklessly exposed to destruction, the fault was not with Sheaffe nor with his direct superior, Sir George Prevost, as charged by Veritas, but with the authorities in England, who trifled with the emergency until too late, and then spent treasures in life and money to repair an irreparable error."

In Tupper's "Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock," Veritas is also largely quoted, but in the same abstract way. The author of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1822, headed "Campaigns in the Canadas," evidently knew who Veritas was; but he refrains from naming him. "The Letters of Veritas," the writer says, "were originally printed in a weekly paper published at Montreal, in Lower Canada, and subsequently collected in the little volume before us. Within a small compass," the reviewer continues, "these unpretending letters contain a greater body of useful information upon the campaigns in the Canadas than is anywhere else to be found. They are, we believe, the production of a gentleman in Montreal of known respectability. Though not a military man, he enjoyed the best opportunities for acquaintance with the circumstances of the war; and as these letters, which excited great attention in the Canadas, appeared in successive papers while Montreal was filled with almost all the officers of rank who had served in the country, it may reasonably be presumed that his errors, had he committed any, would not have escaped without censure; yet no reply was ever attempted to his statements—no doubt ever expressed in the provinces of the correctness of his assertions." My curiosity, a few years since, having become aroused as to the identity of Veritas, it came to be with me, for a time, a kind of Junius-question which I sought to solve: for a long time, but not, finally, without success. I searched in vain in the useful works of Mr. H. J. Morgan, of Ottawa, the compiler of "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians," and the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*; but I found no clue. I interrogated the late Rev. Dr. Richardson on the subject (he, in his younger days, lost an arm while actively serving in a naval capacity in one of the expedi-



tions ordered by Sir George Prevost). "I addressed notes to several gentlemen who had interested themselves in early Canadian history, but without result. Amongst them, especially, I applied to Col. Coffin, above-named, but after inquiry instituted, he could afford me no help. Inquiries were also made for me of the present proprietors and publishers of the *Montreal Herald*. I thought that possibly among the traditions of the office of that paper the name of its now historical contributor might be preserved. Mr. Penny, the present editor of the *Herald*, kindly endeavoured to get the desired information from Mr. Archibald Ferguson, a gentleman now aged more than ninety years, formerly proprietor of *Herald*. Mr. Ferguson's reply, however, now lying before me, was as follows:—"In answer to your note of the 17th instant, I beg to inform you that I do not know who wrote the articles signed Veritas and Nerva, in 1815. They were published nine years before I purchased the *Herald* establishment, and the two former proprietors were dead before I purchased." (I had coupled my query about Veritas with one about a writer styling himself Nerva, also in the *Herald*; but Nerva I discovered afterwards by accident, while looking through the articles in Mr. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*.) How I came at length to recover the all but totally forgotten authorship of the Veritas letters, I will detail concisely after I have given a sample or two of the productions themselves. I add the reflection: if in so short a period an uncertainty so decided could spring up in regard to writings whose authorship was probably notorious to contemporaries, how easy it must have been, in the days when printing was unknown, and when of many an important record no duplicate existed, for ambiguities to arise on such points; how easy it must have been, at the dictate of policy or ambition, to falsify and substitute, with small chance of explicit detection at the hands of posterity.

Veritas, throughout his letters, inveighs against Sir George Prevost for an apparent lack of energy, decision, and dash. But we must bear in mind what Auchinleck has said, as quoted just now, that Sir George was probably under restraint from the instructions which he had received from the Ministry at home, who had no relish for the contest in which they found themselves engaged. "Towards spring, 1814, so inveterate," Veritas says, "was Sir George's rage for armistices, notwithstanding the injurious consequences of the former to the military service, that a negotiation for another was set on foot,

and defeated solely from the refusal of our admiral on the American Station to concur in it. The Americans gave out that the proposition came from Sir George, which I believe, because otherwise he would have met it at once by a direct negative that would have ended all discussion on the subject. In January, 1814, whilst the Legislature was sitting at Quebec, Sir George made a trip to Montreal, from no military motive that has ever been discovered or assigned, during which the then Assembly were active in preparing mischief. That Session was a stormy one, and ending in March, the Head-Quarters were retransferred to Montreal. \* \* \* \*

Soon after the navigation opened upon Lake Champlain, Capt. Pring, in the naval command there, sailed from Isle aux Noix with our flotilla, then superior to that of the enemy, which had wintered in Otter Creek, where they had a ship-yard employed in constructing a force intended to surpass ours. Capt. Pring, in consequence, applied to Sir George for some troops to accompany him, with a view of attempting to destroy this establishment and the vessels in that creek, whether afloat or upon the stocks, which, next to Sackett's Harbour, was an object worth a trial at some risk. As usual, the application was refused. When Capt. Pring returned from his cruise up that creek, he reported to Sir George what might have been done by a joint attack, and then he was offered assistance, but the Captain replied that it was then too late, as the enemy had taken alarm and prepared accordingly. Sir George had the extraordinary fatality of either never attempting an active operation, or of thinking of it only when the time for practical execution was past."

Here is a passage which, for style, may remind us of Kinglake or Sir William Napier; the incidents referred to will also probably interest us. "As the season for action advanced," Veritas says, "to the astonishment of everyone, there was formed at Chambly what is called a Camp of Instruction, comprising the greater part of the force above enumerated, and from which might and ought to have been detached a force for the attack of Sackett's Harbour, or for the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier, seriously threatened as it then was (1814) with invasion, in the opinion of every person who had eyes to see or ears to hear. Had the first-mentioned object been attained, the enemy would not have ventured to cross into Upper Canada; or if Sir George was obstinately bent on letting Sackett's Harbour alone, the reinforcement of the Niagara frontier became the more imperiously

necessary to secure it against the enemy's accumulating force, which had been even seen by some of our officers in returning from captivity, but whose reports thereon were utterly disregarded. Thus the Camp above-said furnished the means of instruction to the enemy upon the said frontier, by allowing them to practise against our very inferior force; but of destruction to our troops there employed, who were thereby doomed to combat against fearful odds, as will be seen hereafter, which is quite inexcusable, seeing we had the means of prevention in our power; for so infatuated was Sir George that not a man was sent from Lower Canada to their aid until the 12th July, after our first disaster at Chippewa was known. \* \* \*

From the end of May, reinforcements from Great Britain, Ireland and the West Indies came in; but the accursed Camp of Instruction continued; when to our astonishment, in June and July, such a numerous body of troops arrived from Bordeaux that it became evident Sir George was quite bewildered thereby. Piecemeal reinforcements were now despatched to Upper Canada, and a very large force kept below to do something—but what it was remained doubtful, although a bustle of preparation began across the river, which was continued for months at infinite expense." I add one more passage: an indignant, Junius-like denunciation of certain speeches in the House of Commons, notably one by Mr. Whitbread, on the subject of the destruction of the public buildings at Washington by a British force, in which speeches more feeling was apparently shown for the loss experienced by the United States Government than for the sufferings of British subjects when violently deprived of their homes and property at York and Niagara, a few months previously, by an invading United States army. "Now, is it possible to conceive," Veritas asks, "that all these and former acts of conflagration and pillage could have happened without orders from the American Government? And yet if we had retaliated upon this principle in the Chesapeake, or elsewhere (which was completely in our power to have done), what an outcry would have been raised by Mr. Madison, and re-echoed by the Opposition in the Imperial Parliament, who, on finding themselves beat from their grounds of censure against our Government and officers for the destruction of the public buildings at Washington, when proved to have been merely retaliatory, then took up a new position equally untenable, viz., that it would have been magnanimous not to have followed the example of the Ameri-

cans in their conduct at York and Newark. Now, in common sense, what does such doctrine mean? Do these mock-patriots reserve all their sympathies for the enemies of their country, and regard with callous indifference the sufferings of their fellow-subjects? Are the latter not entitled to protection and consideration; and as means of that protection, was it not incumbent upon our officers, and a point of justice, to turn against the enemy their own weapons, and thereby make them feel the consequences of their own enormity of conduct, with a view to prevent their repeating the like in future? It is very magnanimous, to be sure, to speak with cold-blooded indifference about the infliction of ruin upon friends, at the distance of 3,000 miles, by fire and devastation in the most aggravated shapes; but I will venture to say that if Mr. Whitbread's brewery and his princely mansion, with all their contents, had been at York or Newark, and shared the fate of the buildings there consigned to the flames by the enemy, we should never have heard of his lecture upon the virtue of magnanimity."

It was by the aid of Sir Francis Hincks, now resident in Montreal, that my curiosity in regard to Veritas was at length gratified. Sir Francis took much interest in the inquiry, when it chanced to be proposed to him; and he kindly applied for me to the present authorities of the *Herald* office, with the result already mentioned. When now I supposed nothing further would come of the investigation, I unexpectedly received from Sir Francis the following communication, which sets the question at rest. The note is dated Montreal, 15th July, 1873. "By a very singular accident," Sir Francis writes, "I obtained a few moments ago the information which you wanted a few weeks since. Coming into town this morning, I met Mr. J. S. McKenzie, one of our oldest and wealthiest citizens, lately a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and senior partner of one of our principal firms. He was talking of his age, and as having served in the war of 1812. It immediately occurred to me that he might know who Veritas was; but at the moment I had forgotten this signature, and was only able to ask if he recollected a criticism on Sir George Prevost's operations. 'Certainly,' he said, 'it was signed VERITAS, and was written by the Hon. John Richardson, with whom I was a clerk in the old house of Forsyth, Richardson & Co.' Mr. Richardson was a very likely man to have written such an article," Sir Francis adds, "and Mr. McKenzie was quite clear on the point. I think,



therefore, you may be satisfied. I had overlooked Mr. McKenzie, who is one of our octogenarians."

The most concise way in which I can explain who Mr. Richardson, the writer of the letters signed "Veritas" was, will be to copy the inscription on a marble tablet on the outer wall of the "Richardson Wing" of the General Hospital at Montreal. It reads as follows:—"This building was erected A.D. 1852, to commemorate the public and private virtues of the Hon. John Richardson, a distinguished merchant of this City, and Member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of the Province. He was the first President of this Hospital, and a liberal contributor to its foundation and support. He was born at Portsoy, North Britain, and died 18th May, 1831, aged 76 years."

Veritas closes his series of letters with this paragraph: "It was my intention to have given also a sketch of Sir George's civil administration; but reflecting that it has been already so ably depicted by NERVA, in his admirably written allegory, I shall for the present not prosecute that intention." The "allegory" of Nerva was contained in a series of letters, professedly on Irish affairs, addressed to the *Herald*, in which Canada was adumbrated by Ireland, Sir George Prevost by Earl Fitzwilliam, and Sir George's predecessor, Sir James Craig, by Lord Westmoreland. Sir George's marked policy of conciliation as a civil governor is therein roundly condemned, but evidently from the point of view of a narrow conservatism: a policy, it must be remembered, enjoined by Sir George's masters in England, with distinct reference to the immediate crisis, when Canada was about to be exposed to an invasion, and required for its safety a people, so far as possible, united. "Between two systems of government proposed for adoption," Nerva observes, "theorists may often find it difficult to determine the claims to preference; because the peculiar defects of each may be compensated by peculiar advantages; but where a system of government is already established, there are certain rules for its exercise from which the experience of practical politicians will pronounce all deviation to be improper and hazardous. Of these rules, the most universally admitted is, that all changes should be gradual, not abrupt; should be necessary, not experimental. But Earl Fitzwilliam began his innovations upon his entrance into office, without waiting to ascertain whether Lord Westmoreland's measures were adapted to the situation of the country; without in-

deed knowing what the situation of the country required, or whether a sudden change, even from what might originally have been improper, would not produce greater evil than that which it should be intended to correct. His proper path had indeed been marked out for him, and every obstruction and difficulty removed by Lord Westmoreland, whose labours, had they been turned to advantage, would have enabled his successor to pursue, with perfect ease and safety, a course at once consistent with his own honour and with the dignity of his government. Yet these advantages were overlooked or despised by the Earl, who, like some rulers in whom vanity has predominated over judgment, disdained to govern in any respect according to the prescription or example of another. In consequence, he was speedily surrounded by men of principles avowedly inimical to the just and long-established prerogatives of the Crown, who were the objects of his peculiar notice, and most graciously received at his table and his court. Situations of trust and power were accumulated upon individuals unknown before in departments of State, and incapable as well as regardless of the performance of their official duties; while their rapacity was so insatiable as to force from the unwilling Viceroy himself the observation, that if England and Ireland were given to them as estates, they would ask for the Isle of Man as a kitchen garden. A viceroy, with the assistance of associates, dependants and companions of so unusual a cast, it would be natural to expect would differ in principle and in action from most representatives of royalty. And the event fully justified the expectation. The conciliation of the worthless became his primary object; and concession was considered the principal means."

Nerva, whose letters, like those of Veritas, were re-published in a collected form, after their appearance in the *Herald*, was Mr. Justice Gale, who died at Montreal in 1865. These productions thus acquired a more than temporary circulation and influence. In regard to the strictures of Veritas, we read among the miscellaneous editorial matter of the *Herald* of August 12th, 1815, the following item: "Persons living at a distance are informed that the whole of the impressions of 'VERITAS Letters' are sold. We give this notice in order to save correspondents the expense of postage. We understand an edition is now printing at Halifax. Veritas was uncommonly well received in that city."

The editor and printer of the *Herald* were both prosecuted by the Government. In the number of that journal for March 11, 1815,

we have the announcement that "On Monday last [this would be March 5] the Grand Jury for this District found a bill of indictment against the printer of this paper for a libel on the Commander-in-Chief. On Wednesday [this would be the 7th], *two* bills were found against the Editor for the *same offences*. To all the charges contained in the indictments the defendants pleaded *Not Guilty*. They readily found security to appear in another term for trial." We have no notice given us in subsequent journals of the issue of the prosecution. It may have been dropped in consequence of the death of Sir George Prevost in January, 1816.

Mr. Mungo Kay, the editor, and Mr. W. Gray, the printer, did not betray the confidence placed in them by the pseudonymous writers in their journal, except in one instance. It happened that Mr. Sewell, the Solicitor-General, whose duty it became to conduct the proceedings against the alleged libellers, had himself on two occasions, under the nom-de-plume of Colonist, contributed articles to the *Herald* which could be interpreted as censure on the Commander-in-Chief. As, in the opinion of the editor and printer, Mr. Sewell exhibited an over-zeal in pressing the case against them, by summoning the employés of the printing office to give evidence, they considered themselves at liberty to disclose to Sir George Prevost the authorship of the particular articles referred to, and this led to the removal of Mr. Sewell from the Solicitor-Generalship. The result of the prosecution was thus probably more serious to him than to any one else; his official advancement receiving on the occasion a fatal check.

Contemporary with Veritas and Nerva in the volumes of the *Herald* was a writer who signed himself *Le Bon Vieux Temps*. He was an exponent of the views of the loyally-disposed French Canadians in regard to the politics of the day. I have not been able to trace satisfactorily the authorship of the letters thus subscribed. They have been attributed to a Viger and a Quesnel. \*

In 1843 Sir Charles Metcalfe succeeded Sir Charles Bagot in the Governor-Generalship of Canada. Responsible Government had not long been conceded; and the Governors themselves had not yet quite cordially come into the system. Their view of their own responsibility to the Crown and people of England conflicted in some degree with the theory of Responsible Government as understood by Canadians. Sir Charles Metcalfe, though nominally accepting Responsible

Government, found himself in antagonism with its warmest supporters. Possessed of a strong will, he wished to rule as well as reign; and, probably, could he have had, consistently with the new theory, his own way in the management of public affairs, the common weal would not have suffered; for he was a highly-gifted, excellent, and most benevolent-minded man. But the *amour propre* of Canadian statesmen, just beginning to rejoice in the newly-acquired right of self-government, was quickly offended by Sir Charles' too frequent interposition of his own individual judgment.

Legion's letters were a sharp attack upon Sir Charles Metcalfe's mode of administering the Canadian government, and a vindication of the view taken of the reformed Canadian constitution by the Liberal party. Nominally they were a reply to a series of letters by Dr. Egerton Ryerson, in defence of Sir Charles Metcalfe's ideas; and it was during the course of this discussion that Legion fastened on his opponent the curious soubriquet of Leonidas; not, as I have seen it alleged, because his antagonist had adopted that name as a *nom-de-plume*, but simply because, when rushing to the protection of the Governor-General, he chanced to liken himself to the Spartan hero.\* I need not go further into the particulars of this renowned encounter. I will simply give a specimen or two of Legion's flowing, oratorical style. I first quote a short passage, which disposes of the *nom-de-plume* theory of the origin of "Leonidas" as a soubriquet, and also explains why Legion himself adopted the obviously objectionable signature which appears at the close of his letters: "Had he [his opponent] signed himself the Doctor, or Leonidas, or Three Hundred Spartans, or Wesley, or Fletcher, or Robert Hall, or Chalmers, I should have been spared the necessity for this letter," Legion says; "but he [his opponent] has placed his name and his former conduct before the public as bearing upon the matter at issue, and as adding weight to his arguments. I could not, therefore, as he says, pass it

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\* The passage referred to occurs at p. iv. of the Introductory Notice, dated Cobourg, May 27, 1844, prefixed to "Sir Charles Metcalfe Defended against the Attacks of his late Counselors." "Mr. Ryerson has not thought proper, under present circumstances, to accept the office of Superintendent of Education; nor has any political office ever been offered to him. And he is ready to relinquish any situation which he now fills rather than not accomplish this imperative undertaking. For if a Leonidas and three hundred Spartans could throw themselves into the Thermopylae of death for the salvation of their country, it would ill become one humble Canadian to hesitate at any sacrifice, or shrink from any responsibility, or even danger, in order to prevent his own countrymen from rushing into a vortex which, he is most certainly persuaded, will involve many of them in calamities more serious than those which followed the events of 1837."



over; nor would it have been courteous to treat his name and his inducements as nothing. I think it a piece of misjudged egotism to mix the name of a public writer up with his arguments; it always is calculated to mislead, and at the best is loss of time and of printing materials, which now bid fair to be too much in request to be wasted. The above are my sentiments, Sir," the writer says to the editor of the *Examiner*, the journal in which the letters first appeared, "but as they are also the opinion of hundreds of thousands as good loyal Canadians, I have no right to the monopoly. I therefore, Sir, with all deference to your readers, subscribe myself your and their humble servant, LEGION—for We are Many." I now quote an elaborate discrimination between despotism and constitutional government, with an ironical statement of the merits of the former under certain circumstances, and a repudiation of the doctrine that rulers in free countries can proceed safely and satisfactorily without having regard to public opinion and considerations of party. "A party may be defined for our present purpose," Legion observes, "as a number of persons professing an opinion or opinions in which they agree; opposite parties, as two parties each respectively agreeing amongst its own members, and opposing the opinion or opinions of the other party. As the whole of a community is rarely of one opinion, the opinion of the majority, or of those forming the largest party, is, for the purpose of government, said to be public opinion; at least it is the opinion which for all practical purposes must be taken to be public opinion. What is just, and right, and good," Legion goes on to say, "may be the object of a despotic as well as of a free government. No one dreams of alleging that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with good government. All I need maintain is, that absolute power in the ruler is inconsistent with all our notions of free institutions. An absolute ruler may, with the best intentions, look within his own breast for the rules of right and wrong—to his own reason for his policy; and if his mind be better constituted, and his means of information greater than that of all others, his government may be better and wiser than any government influenced by popular opinion. To such a potentate, it is true praise to say of him that he possessed an inflexible determination to administer his government without regard to party, because the opinions which make parties are beneath his consideration. He judges, he thinks, he rules for himself; he puts down public opinion, for it is but an

impediment in his way ; and he rules irrespective of party, because to him public opinion is as nothing. But just in proportion as the form of a government is removed from a despotism, disregard of public opinion becomes a crime in a ruler, and ceases to be a subject for eulogy. And he who administers a Government free and popular in its form, without regard to public opinion or to party opinions, call it which we please, is a violator of the constitution he is bound to uphold, and insincere in his professions of attachment to that constitution. Swift, in ridiculing party divisions, describes the kingdom of Lilliput as divided into two parties, one of whom wore low heels to their shoes, the other high heels ; and if Sir Charles Metcalfe had been made Governor of Lilliput, he might have governed its diminutive inhabitants without regard to their heels, and have chosen his councillors from both parties indifferently, caring nothing for their disputes, and despising their party differences ; but who would allege that he was influenced by public opinion, or that he was administering Responsible Government ? It is, however, just as a pigmy people that Sir Charles has always regarded Canadians, and it is with this view that he takes to himself the praise of inflexible determination ; but the inflexible determination of a ruler under the British Constitution is national determination ; and personal determination which opposes this, is despotism. The threat to employ whatever force may be necessary to enforce it, is tyranny ; and the pretence that it is consistent with Responsible Government is hypocrisy." On Sir Charles' alleged resolve to act officially without the concurrence of his Executive Council, *Legion* thus remarks : "Charity may once have ascribed his invasion of the Constitution of this country to ignorance of British constitutional usage ; but time has removed the veil, and he must now be considered either as the originator, or the instrument of a design to defeat and put down Responsible Government in Canada. If Canadians value Responsible Government, they cannot give way. They must use every constitutional means of asserting their rights, till they obtain them fully. If they do not value British freedom, or if Dr. Ryerson has been able to frighten them with his bugbear of "Royal Proclamations and Military Provisions," let them kneel down and ask pardon for the presumption of their Parliament, and let the reign of favouritism and intrigue continue. If Canadians have not the spirit of British subjects, let them be the servants of servants they deserve to be ; but if they have any

wish for peace and quietness as the fruit of ignominious vassalage, let them petition for the abolition of the Provincial Parliament, which cannot exist without constantly reminding them of their degradation. There may be something noble in political slavery; but political slavery with the forms of freedom is, to all intents and purposes, wretched and utterly despicable."

The letters of Legion were from the pen of Robert Baldwin Sullivan, afterwards one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and previously a member of successive Governments before and after the union of the Canadas. The author of the letters of Legion was wont in his younger days to contribute papers of a humorous and playful character to the literary periodicals of the day. In Sibbald's *Canadian Magazine*, published at York (Toronto) in 1833, are to be seen communications of his under the *nom-de-plume* of "Cinna." I select a passage from an amusing "Essay on Roads," by Cinna.\* "This being an introductory essay," the writer says, "it is fit that I explain that my remarks will not be confined to mere terrestrial roads; they will, indeed, be principally directed to those mental highways along which the glorious march of intellect is conducted, or rather driven with such steam-engine impetuosity. The schoolmaster is abroad, they say; and, indeed, for any use he is of, may so remain; learning is acquired nowadays without his assistance. The road to the temple of Fame has been levelled and macadamized; and there are rumours of a railway and a canal. This last, to be sure, is opposed by some old sober-sided fools, who think that the ancient institutions at the top of the hill, and which have been erected with so much labour, will slide into the deep cut which would be necessary to bring the canal down to ditch-water level; but suppose they do, who cares? Is it not better to go on a *tow*-path over their ruins, than be threatened with a *hempen* one, into the other world, for trying to undermine them? When I was a little boy, my grandmother thought me a youth of talents rare when I learned my letters; and to say the truth, my talons were often made to look as rare as an Abyssinian beefsteak before I acquired so much learning. I then stuck so long in orthography, that one would think I was spell-bound. Oh! if I had only waited till now, when grown up gentlemen and ladies are taught writing in six short lessons. I might in a

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\* Of a later date is the "Cinna" of *Barker's Canadian Magazine* and the *Kingston British Whig*, understood to have been W. B. Wells, Esq., now County Judge of Kent.

week have been a literate person, and so branded by Act of Parliament. I might then, indeed, have *served* my friends, who now say I am a burden to them, with writs of *ca-re* and fiery faces, like Mr. Underhill; or perhaps I might have been an attorney and then my clients would give me instructions, and pay besides; and no one could say my education would not be finished some time or other, unless, indeed, it is possible that my aforesaid instructions might happen to be never dun! which is, it must be acknowledged, very unlikely." In the same *Canadian Magazine* are some poetic pieces from the hand of Cinna, humorous and serious, which I shall presently notice. He explains in the following manner, in one of his papers, how he first came to send the editor a communication in prose:—"I was sitting," he says, "one evening with my friend 'Sae Bald' (so the editor Sibbald resolved his name on the covers of the Magazine), who everybody knows to be the proprietor of the Magazine, and I was reciting to him, as I thought most beautifully, some cantos of my great epic poem, in which I flatter myself I have excelled most poets in making the sound agree with the sense. The canto contained a sublime and musical description of the baying of a kennel full of hounds by moonlight; and of course the verse seemed to echo the voices of the interesting animals who thus sang in concert with the music of the spheres. The passage I was reading, notwithstanding the splendour of the lunar orb, was a dark one; and I was indulging myself in the hope that I had excelled even my companion 'Sae Bald' in the obscurity of his style, when I was awakened from my pleasing dream by his suddenly interrupting me. Laying down his glass, 'Cinna, mon,' says he, 'will ye just hand me the nutmeg?' This spicy gale quite shipwrecked the bark of my dogs, and oh! how that cinnamon and nutmeg grated on my feelings? But think not, reader, that my friend does not understand and feel poetry, particularly such as mine. The truth was, I had chosen my time badly. The printer's imp stood behind his chair. 'Cinna,' said Sae Bald, 'what for do ye no gie us some prose for the Mogazeen? Yon deevil of a printer is in an unco hurry for matter, an' he says, nae matter how I get it, it maun be furnisheet directly.' 'And I suppose,' said I, snappishly, 'you cannot furnish it directly if your materials are inverse.'" I close Cinna's prose with two anecdotes which he contrives to bring in. (The "Red Lion" is still in being in Yorkville; it used to be known, from the name of the well-known proprietor and manager, as Tiers' Tavern. It should have been mentioned above



that the Underhill there named was a well-known local bailiff.) "An old acquaintance of mine," Cinna writes, "the landlord of the Red Lion, who was a jolly fellow, although his name was Tiers (what his wife's was before marriage is now forgotten, for Tiers dropped upon the word and—blotted it out for ever!), puzzled a gentleman sorely in my presence, by telling him that he, Tiers, was tired of *public life*, and must retire from the *bar*. And I myself," Cinna adds, "was once canvassing for a seat in Parliament, and applied to an Irish friend to let me have some wild land, *that* being considered the only qualification necessary in a member. I began by telling my friend, in the elevated and patriotic style which the election time produces, that I was desirous of having a *stake* in the country. 'Then,' says he, 'you had better go to old Ireland for that same, for the never a *steak* you'll get in this country fit to ait, for love or money.'" Outrageous puns, it will be observed, form the staple of these papers. Some playful verses from the same hand, in the manner of Hood, and similarly characterized, are to be seen also in Sibbald's Magazine. As a specimen, I give a few lines from a ballad of thirty-two stanzas. Tom Scalpel, a medical student, abstracts from a dissecting-room the head and arms of a dead body. The deed is thus described:—

"Says Tom, although the sky don't fall  
 I think I'll have a lark;  
 This kind of lark, they fly by night;  
 So Tom got out of bed,  
 And took his steel and stole two arms,  
 And bagged the subject's head;  
 Like other folks that take to arms,  
 He took to legs and run,  
 Although he heard no shot, ere half  
 His heavy task was done."

The grotesque consequences of the action are then detailed at length, in language ingeniously tortured. Having a house to haunt, the spirit to which the "subject" appertained is inconvenienced by the absence of the missing parts:—

"And then spoke up this grisly ghost,  
 'An't this a pretty job?  
 That I am without arms or head—  
 Just like an Irish mob.'" &c. &c.

To these extracts I subjoin one passage, in which the writer of the Letters of Legion, and of the productions subscribed "Cinna," speaks in his own proper person. It is from an "Address on Immigration

and Colonization," delivered in the Mechanics' Institute, Toronto, 1847. It will be seen that in 1847 he had a very clear view of the capabilities of the then almost wholly undeveloped North-West. "I dare say by this time," Mr. Sullivan said, in the course of his address, "I have established my character for being visionary and over-ardent, and impatient; but I have to lead you yet farther. Just take the map of Canada—but no! that will not do; take the map of North America, and look to the westward of that glorious inland sea, Lake Superior. I say nothing of the mineral treasures of its northern shores, or those of our own Lake Huron, but I ask you to go with me to the head of Lake Superior, to the boundary line. You will say it is a cold journey; but I tell you the climate still improves as you go westward. At the head of Lake Superior we surmount a height of land, and then descend into the real garden of the British possessions, of which so few know anything. Books tell you little of the country, and what they do say will deceive and mislead you. I tell you what I have heard directly from your townsman, Mr. Angus Bethune, and indirectly from Mr. Ermatinger, very lately from that country:—A little to the westward of Lake Superior is Lake Winnipeg, and into Lake Winnipeg runs the Saskatchewan River. It takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, and the Lake Winnipeg discharges its waters towards and into Hudson's Bay. This river runs from west to east fifteen hundred miles without an obstruction; it is navigable for boats carrying ten or twelve tons. It runs through a country diversified with prairie, rich grass, clumps of forest, and on one of the branches of the river are coal-beds, out of which coal can be obtained by any one with a spade in his hand, or without; and the plains are covered with the wild buffalo of America. I am told that you may drive a waggon from one end to the other of the country of the Saskatchewan; and I am told, moreover, that it is superior in soil and equal in climate to any part of Canada, and that it produces wheat, barley, oats, potatoes—in short, all the crops of temperate climates—in abundance." Now that Manitoba has been organized, and a beneficent civilization is beginning to spread itself thence far out over the broad Saskatchewan valleys, destined soon to meet influences of a similar kind emanating from British Columbia, the forecasts of a thoughtful, ardent mind in regard to these regions some thirty years ago are interesting to read; and they may help us to realize and measure the progress—material, social, and moral—which has been made in that interval of time.

[My specimens of the writings of Patrick Swift should have preceded those given of the productions of Legion and Cinna.]

About the year 1826 or 1827, there appeared in the *Colonial Advocate*, a well-known Canadian paper of the day, a name which became subsequently a *nom-de-plume* of great note, if not notoriety, in Upper Canada. In the first instance, I believe, Patrick Swift figured simply as an interlocutor in an imaginary conference on public affairs, held in a private parlour at Toronto, or York, as the place was then called. But he afterwards appeared as the supposed compiler of a remarkable almanac, which for several successive years found its way into probably every house in Upper Canada. This publication had a purpose, independently of the use implied by its title. It was intended to advocate a radical reform in the government of the country. Patrick Swift addressed himself especially to the yeomen voters of Canada; and his pages bristled, not only with statistics of almost every kind, but with grievances and abuses, curtly and pointedly stated. At the same time the remedies were named as clearly and as plentifully. On looking calmly back now on the times in which this almanac was issued, we shall all allow that Mr. Patrick Swift was not so bad a counsellor of the public as he was once represented to be. Borrowing an idea from Benjamin Franklin, the earlier numbers of this publication were entitled "Poor Richard," with the secondary heading of "The Yorkshire Almanac," with reference possibly to the Canadian county of York, in which York or Toronto was situated. The name of the author or editor is given on the title-page, thus: "Patrick Swift, late of Belfast, in the Kingdom of Ireland, Esq., F.R.I., grand-nephew of the celebrated Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, etc. etc." In later issues it appears as "Patrick Swift, Esq., M.P.P., Professor of Astrology, York." The Almanac for 1834 has dropped the "Poor Richard," and also the reference to "Yorkshire," and exhibits the fuller title of "A New Almanac for the Canadian True Blues, with which is incorporated the Constitutional Reformer's Text Book, for the Millennial and Prophetical year of the Grand General Election for Upper Canada, and total and everlasting downfall of Toryism in the British Empire."

I now proceed to give a specimen or two of Patrick Swift's style as a propagandist of Reform. After giving a long and most minute enumeration of taxes imposed in England, Scotland and Ireland, he

tells the Canadian yeomanry: "In short, everything that has an existence on the face of the earth, or under the earth, or in the firmament of heaven, is heavily taxed; and these enormous taxes are laid on and expended by a body called the House of Commons, the majority of the members of which are neither directly nor indirectly the representatives of the people, but are the nominees of lords, bishops, and wealthy gentlemen. So that, if the representatives of every great county, city and populous borough in England, Ireland and Wales, were to vote for a reduction of standing armies, tithes and taxes, and for retrenchment and economy, the rotten borough and Scots close county members could and would outvote them, and uphold corruption. Yorkshiremen in Upper Canada," Swift exclaims, "think on these things! Laws grind the poor, when rich men make the laws." This, it must be noted, was written in 1831.

Then, after an analysis of the Upper Canada Parliament of 1831, showing the nationality of each of its fifty members and the numbers represented by each member respectively, he points out an injustice which seems to result from the existing distribution of seats: "The population of Upper Canada," he says, "is estimated at 215,750, which is under the actual number of souls. Assuming the fact," he continues, "that the property is in proportion to the population, and then taking population as the basis of representation, fifty members would give one representative to every 4,315 inhabitants. But, according to the present mode of proportioning the members, the minority pass laws to bind the majority. For: The members of the 4 towns, and for the counties of Simcoe, Durham, Essex, Kent, Wentworth, Norfolk, Oxford, Stormont, Dundas, Ottawa, Haldimand, Frontenac, and Hastings, are in number 26—the population they represent being 70,500—while the remaining counties of the province, containing 145,250 inhabitants, are represented by only 24 members, or less than half the house. Thus the representatives of less than one-third of the people are more in number than the representatives of the other two-thirds. Again: the counties of Norfolk, Dundas, Hastings, Frontenac, Simcoe, Haldimand, and Essex, and the towns of Brockville and Niagara, with half the county of Durham, possess a population of 33,250, and send 15 members to the House of Assembly—while the counties of York and Carleton, with a population of 33,500, send only three members; so that, if by a



popular legislative body it is meant to obtain an expression of public opinion on matters of government, the three votes of Messrs. Morris, Ketchum and Mackenzie are a greater indication thereof than the fifteen votes given for the places before mentioned."

In the Almanac of 1834 an elaborate scheme is presented for a thorough organization of the Reformers of Upper Canada. Directions are given for the formation of "Central Committees, Town, County and Provincial Conventions, and Regular Nominations," as "the sure legal Weapons by which Reformers may Triumph." The closing exhortation is: "It must not discourage the Reformers of any township, if they happen to find themselves in the minority as compared to the other inhabitants. Let them meet, few and small as they may be, and observe the above usages, the same as if they counted thousands. Time, which does much, is in their favour: they may be sure that Upper Canada will form no exception to the other parts of this continent: liberal principles must prevail: freedom is indigenous in our soil." To the whole document is quaintly added: "*Sic subscribitur.* Patrick Swift."

A brief summary of principles given just before will be of interest, as it will be seen that all of them have been accepted and incorporated in our existing provincial constitutions, with the exception of the one which Patrick Swift himself at the moment did not care to press. "The Reformers," he says, "are to be known by their principles, which are: the control of the whole revenue to be in the people's representatives; the Legislative Council to be elective; the representation of the House of Assembly to be as equally proportioned to the population as possible; the Executive Government to incur a responsibility; the law of primogeniture to be abolished; the principle of Mr. Perry's Jury Bill to be adopted; the Judiciary to be independent; the Military to be in strict subordination to the Civil authority; equal rights to the several members of the community; every vestige of church-and-state union to be done away; the lands and all the revenues of the country to be under the control of the country; and education to be widely, carefully, and impartially diffused. To these I would add that we ought to choose our own Governors; but I know that there are some Reformers who have not made up their minds upon that question: I therefore advise it be not pressed." In regard to the exception named, he expressed himself in another part of the Almanac, thus: "Patrick Swift



would very willingly exchange General Colborne for a Governor such as is pictured in the following anecdote: A late number of the *London Courier* contains the following extract of a letter from America: 'I am travelling in Vermont State for pleasure and information. I have journeyed 500 miles in my own carriage, by easy stages, and have not seen a single person in my progress to whom I should have dared to offer alms! As I was detained an hour or two a few days since, I saw a sturdy-looking farmer pass the inn, driving a one-horse cart loaded with wool, on which he was seated. He drove to a store, shouldered his bales of wool, one after another, and placed them in the merchant's shop. Who do you think he was? Palmer, the present Governor of the State of Vermont.' This story would, of course, be well relished by the majority of those for whom the Almanac was prepared. The second edition of the number for 1834 has an exasperating dedication. It is addressed to three gentlemen who were the writer's most formidable political antagonists; two of them in England, one here. It reads thus: "To E. G. Stanley and R. W. Hay, Secretaries of State for the North American Colonies, and John Beverley Robinson, Judge and Tory Politician, at York, in Upper Canada, to whose uniform support of oppression and misrule in Church and State, and steady friendship for Canada's and Ireland's oppressors, the public are chiefly indebted for this extra edition of twenty thousand 'Canadian True Blue Almanacs:' it is specially dedicated and inscribed by their trusty and well-beloved cousin and councillor, Pat. Swift." "E. G. Stanley" was subsequently the well-known Earl of Derby. It is scarcely necessary to mention, after all this, that Mr. Patrick Swift was Mr. William Lyon Mackenzie, editor of the *Colonial Advocate*, and many times elected a member of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada.

[My notice of "Reckoner," "Mentor" and "Mercator," should have been inserted before, among the writers on miscellaneous subjects.]

I regret that I am unable to give a sample of "Reckoner," the author of seventy essays on various subjects, said to have appeared in the *Kingston Gazette*, circa 1811. This writer was the Rev. Dr. Strachan, while yet a resident at Cornwall. I have seen communications from the same pen, in the *Christian Recorder* and the *Canadian Magazine*, signed N. N., the initials of the writer's real name. I must record also the pseudonym of "Mentor," appended to a series

of letters in the *Kingston Herald*, 1839-44, afterwards collected in pamphlet form. They are a contribution to the literature of Canadian jurisprudence on the subject of discrepancies in lines of survey, arising from variations in the magnetic needle in successive years; a curious and dry subject, but yet of much interest, in Canada, to the numerous patentees and grantees of land, and even affording occasion now and then for a rhetorical burst, as, for example, here: "This province was the asylum," Mentor says, "provided by his Majesty George the Third, of revered memory, for faithful and attached subjects, who, after their settlement in a wild and uncultivated wilderness, soon experienced the liberality of a generous and just sovereign. His munificent donations of land, in compensation for their losses in property, and supplies for the three first years of the settlement, amidst obstacles and difficulties nearly insuperable, are not equalled in the history of any people or nation under any other government. With a recollection of these rewards, and under a sense of their legal and just rights, the author, under the signature of Mentor, is fully aware and sensible that the Loyalists, their heirs and descendants, do and will regard usurped occupancy, and illegal possession, and encroachment upon their patented rights and estates, with feelings of indignation and discontent towards the holders by injustice and spoliation; but towards the Government they will cherish the feelings of gratitude and loyalty; and moreover, they will justly appreciate the legacy of land left to them by their fathers, and to which they will adhere with associations of fond attachment." "Mentor" is understood to have been the Rev. George Okill Stuart, heir to lot 24 in the first concession of Seignior No. 1. (afterwards known as the township of Kingston), as surveyed by Deputy Surveyor-General Collins, in 1783.

The series of letters signed "Mercator," addressed to the *Montreal Herald* in 1807, in the "Contest between the Earl of Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company on the one side, and the North West Company on the other," and afterwards issued in pamphlet form, was from the pen of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice.

I notice next one or two writers under pseudonyms whose object was the promotion of emigration and the instruction of emigrants. I enclose them in my list, however, not on this account, but because the productions themselves, being of a superior character in point of matter and style, may be said to have entered into our Canadian

literature. First I name the "Backwoodsman," author of a volume entitled "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada;" published in London by John Murray, Albemarle Street, in 1832, but dated from Goderich, on Lake Huron. The nine chapters of the little work are filled with useful statistics and matter-of-fact information, but all cleverly spiced throughout with pleasant humour. Backwoodsman undertook its composition because he was constantly in the receipt of inquiries, couched of course in polite terms, and expressing the writer's sincere sorrow for taking up so much of his valuable time: "After having filled some reams in answer," Backwoodsman says, "and when every other packet brought one, and no later than last week I had two to answer, things began to look serious, and so did I; for I found that if they went on at this rate, I should have no 'valuable time' to devote to my own proper affairs. And therefore, it being now midwinter," Backwoodsman says, "and seeing no prospect of my being able to follow my out-of-door avocations for some weeks, I set myself down in something like a pet to throw together and put in form the more prominent parts of the information I had been collecting, to the end that I might be enabled in future to answer my voluminous correspondents after the manner of the late worthy Mr. Abernethy, by referring them to certain pages of *My Book*."

Here is one of Backwoodsman's reasons why emigrants from the British Islands should prefer Canada to the United States:

"It is to many who happen to have consciences no light matter to forswear their allegiance to their king, and declare that they are willing to take up arms against their native country at the call of the country of their adoption; and unless they do so, they must remain aliens for ever; nay, even if they do manage to swallow such an oath, it is seven years before their apostasy is rewarded by the right of citizenship. In landing in His Majesty's dominions, they carry with them their rights of subjects, and, immediately on becoming 40s. freeholders, have the right of voting for a representative."

Some tables at the end of the volume, showing the resources and estimates of the Province of Upper Canada in the year 1832, would, if quoted at length, amuse probably as well as instruct, in these days when, to a Canadian minister of finance even in a province, such figures must seem a mere bagatelle. Here are Backwoodsman's conclusions on a review of these tables. He considers the prospects they hold out to be encouraging. He indulges, at the same time, in

a little banter on the wisdom of the Upper House, which, it would seem, had just stopped the supplies, and that too at an inopportune moment. The remark about the consequent increase in the surplus is probably a joke.

"From these statements it will appear," he says, "that the revenues of the colony are in a very flourishing state; as last year we paid off 10 per cent. of the public debt, and this year, the Upper House having rejected the supplies on nearly the last day of the Session, when the mischief could not be remedied, it is probable the surplus will be considerably greater. It has been eloquently said of the Earl of Chatham, that he 'advanced the nation to a high pitch of prosperity and glory by commerce, for the first time united with, and made to flourish by war.' In like manner, though by no means Chathams, the legislators of Upper Canada have, for the first time I suspect, succeeded in uniting revenue with debt, and making it flourish by debt; for it will be seen that the debts of the province have been contracted chiefly for the purposes of public improvement, and that the public works, as they develop themselves, will not only repay the money expended on them, but become a permanent source of revenue to the colony. Of the £47,490," he goes on to say, "of taxes raised on the subject, directly and indirectly, we may estimate that £10,000 is paid by the United States for British goods smuggled across the frontiers, leaving £37,490 as the whole of the provincial taxes to be paid by 300,000 people,—that is to say, in even money, about 2 shillings sterling a head. So that, it appears, Brother Jonathan, with all the apparent economy of his institutions, pays to his general and particular governments ten times as much as we do; and unfortunate John Bull, who, poor fellow, is much worse able to afford it, just about twenty-five times as much."

"Backwoodsman" was Dr. William Dunlop, a distinguished contributor to Blackwood and Fraser long before his settlement in Canada,—to the *former*, under the *nom-de-plume* of Colin Ballantyne, R.N. His early life was full of adventure in India, and, previously, on this continent, as a surgeon in the Connaught Rangers, during the war of 1812–13–14. He was also widely known by the sobriquet of the *Tiger*, for his having succeeded in clearing the island of Saugur, in India, of that pest. Dr. Dunlop died at Lachine in 1848. A fine portrait of him exists in Toronto, the property of the late Capt. Dick. It was to be seen at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto.



In 1849, a writer assuming the pseudonym of a "Pioneer of the Wilderness" produced two volumes of notes on Upper Canada, under the general title of "The Emigrant Churchman." Richard Bentley was the publisher. As a well drawn picture of western Canada at the time, it retains considerable value. "The Pioneer" was a man of superior education, a keen observer, and a skilful writer. Here is what he had to say of Brockville and the Thousand Islands: "A few miles steaming, after leaving Prescott, brought us to Brockville, which, to the author's taste, presents one of the prettiest and most interesting localities on the river side in all Canada. 'It is situated upon rather a steep bank, the approach to the town being prettily overshadowed by trees, amongst which the church stands a conspicuous object. A little further on, the river abounds with the prettiest rocky islets, most of them wooded more or less, among which, on a fine summer afternoon, the white sails of tiny pleasure-skiffs may be seen gleaming here and there, giving visions of health and innocent aquatic recreation. What a spot for a few Cambridge or Oxford eight-oars to turn out in! The effect of the handsome boating uniforms of the crews, and perfect appointment of the galleys of Cam or Isis, with the gay blazonry of their silken ensigns floating in the wind, the boats dashing bravely up to their stations, or shooting with racer-like velocity through the varied scene of isle and wooded bank and river, amidst the cheers of admiring thousands, was all that was wanting to complete the vision to the eye of an English University man. I am not aware," the Pioneer adds, "whether this right manly and gallant exercise is followed with any ardour by the University of Toronto. The open shores of Lake Ontario are wanting, however, in the diversity of beauty presented by the scenery around Brockville; and while we yet muse we are dashing and splashing on till islet after islet, rocky and grove-crowned, sweeping into view in lovely and still varying succession, proclaims our approach to the far-famed Lake of the Thousand Islands. Of all the exquisite scenery that it has been the author's privilege to gaze upon, nothing that he can remember approaches this in beauty. As we shot through the open narrow and intricate channels of this watery paradise, the scene was reposing in all the luxurious softness of a gorgeous Canadian autumnal sunset. And as the glowing beams poured their bright torrents of radiance through natural watery vistas, or turned the liquid expanse to molten gold,



the glorious islets seemed at times to float in light, realizing the dream of some fairy scene of paradise. Sometimes we would shoot past a spot of exquisite beauty, almost touching the shore; anon, just as our liquid pathway appeared entirely closed in, we would sweep off at an angle and open another unexpected channel, or catch a glimpse of the main-land as we wended by some bay of surpassing outline, heavily fringed with wood, all gloriously parklike to the water's side, holding forth happy visions of many a calm retreat and home of peace and love, when the axe and the plough of the colonist should have carved out an abode where the lines were fallen indeed in pleasant places. Around on the other side, a long sweep of a bay would open up towards the American shore, where it is too difficult at times to distinguish earth from water, or air from either, so softly were the lights and shadows blended; and then the channel would narrow again, until at length we brought up to take in wood at the wild-looking settlement of Gananoque."

This "Pioneer of the Wilderness," who travelled over the country with a *bonâ fide* intention of selecting a home within its borders, was a clergyman of the Church of England, named Rose. His decease occurred not long after his settlement here.

Also, in 1849, there was published in London by David Bogue, Fleet Street, a volume of "Sketches of Canadian Life, Lay and Ecclesiastical"—having on its title page, as the designation of its author, "A Presbyterian of the Diocese of Toronto." This was a work intended for the benefit and information of emigrants, not of the humblest class. It is a series of pictures, cleverly and vividly drawn from the life, linked together by means of a story, giving the supposed experiences of Harry Vernon, an English gentleman's fourth son, who takes a "lot" of land in a backwoods township called Monkleigh. The following passage describes an unfortunate species of settler, still perhaps not unknown in certain parts of Canada: "They were generally persons of education, and members of highly respectable families, who had been brought up to do nothing, and who, on arriving at man's estate, found *that* an occupation in which they could not afford to continue. As they found themselves fit for nothing in England, they, or their friends for them, resolved that Canada should have the benefit of their talents and usefulness; but, alas! in a majority of instances, those who were fit for nothing at home were observed to possess the very same characteristics abroad.

Others of them, again, had acquired wild and repulsive habits, and after nearly rendering their fathers bankrupt, both in purse and patience, were sent out with a few hundred pounds to Canada, to reform and provide for themselves—a most sage and sagacious plan ! and one which, almost without an exception, was productive of but one result, namely, the utter ruin of the class alluded to. Freed entirely from all restraint, they gave way to the most miserable dissipation, and then wrote home romantic fictions of their exertions and good behaviour, in hopes thereby to ‘do the governor’ out of a fresh remittance. Many of these young men, under the impulse of novelty, set to work vigorously along with their men, but being utterly unaccustomed to such employments, the solitary charm which it possessed soon disappeared, and they were glad to seek excitement and amusement wherever it could be found. Almost the only place where it could be looked for was at each other’s shanties, where they would frequently congregate,” etc. “The Presbyterian of the Diocese of Toronto,” who embodied the results of his own observation in these truthful and graphic sketches, was the Rev. W. Stewart Darling.

The educational question in Canada some thirty or forty years since presented a tangled web of difficulties to statesmen and philanthropists. How to maintain with consistency the theories of public education which hitherto had been almost exclusively acted on in the mother country, and how at the same time to meet the evident necessities of the composite people which was rapidly taking possession of British North America, was a problem discussed again and again, and the most gloomy consequences were foretold of variation from established traditions and routine. Happily at last the *solvitur ambulando* method was applied to the question ; with the results—surely not disastrous—which we see around us at this day. Of the *noms-de-plume* attached to contemporary brochures on the subject of education of more than ordinary note, I select three : “Graduate,” “Scotus,” “British Canadian.” Graduate’s memorable brochure, entitled “The University Question Considered,” appeared in 1845, and it essentially helped to defeat a bill which was brought into the House in that year affecting the charter of King’s College. The sample which I give of Graduate speaks of the necessity of repose for the well-being of learned societies. I do not know that the delightful dream indicated was ever realized by the learned society whose tranquillity was at the moment disturbed. “Frequent changes

are injurious to any establishment," Graduate says, "but ruinous to a University. It is impossible that the objects of such an institution can be attained if it be subjected to repeated modification. Alterations, if often introduced even by its own authorities, are most prejudicial to its welfare; but the very anticipation of external interference in its management would produce the most mischievous effects. *Non solum adventus mali, sed etiam metus ipse affert calamitatem.* Repose is absolutely essential to its success; if disturbed, or even liable to be disturbed, it must fail. Its pursuits are such that they cannot be successfully prosecuted without peace and tranquillity. They require a devotion of the mind which cannot exist if apprehensions of change are constantly obtruding themselves, and every member of the establishment would feel the pernicious influence of this dread. The governing body would shrink from the responsibility of adopting any system as permanent which they knew not when they might be compelled to change; the professors would be paralysed in the discharge of even their routine duties, and instead of enjoying the liberty, or feeling the inclination to prosecute the favourite subjects of their study during their leisure hours, would be reduced to the miserable necessity of employing them in efforts to conciliate or struggles to resist the spirit of innovation; whilst the students would refuse to submit to discipline attempted to be enforced by those whose authority they knew might be abrogated or superseded by a power capable of revolutionizing the whole system and establishment." The "Graduate" who thus, at a troubled period of our local history, urged on legislators and others the indispensable necessity of establishing tranquil surroundings for a seat of learning, is to be identified with the writer whom we have already seen, as "Maple-leaf," inaugurating amongst us a higher literature, the Rev. Dr. McCaul.

A noticeable series of letters on educational topics appeared in the *Hamilton Gazette* about the year 1850, subscribed by the *nom-de-plume* of Scotus. They were exceedingly well written, and deserved to be collected, as they were, in pamphlet form. They repay perusal still, being a valuable contribution, on the conservative side, of the vexed question of religious education. As a specimen of Scotus, I select a passage containing a view somewhat opposed to a popular notion on the subject of education; and also the statement of a fact connected with Scotland which is not generally realized:

"In order to raise up a national system of education in any country," Scotus says, "instead of beginning at the bottom and ascending upwards, you must reverse the order and begin at the top and descend downwards; or, in other words, you must first erect a noble university, filling its chairs with men illustrious in science and literature, and thereby create in the public mind a TASTE for learning in its highest departments; and afterwards, the inferior schools will follow as a matter of course. Or, to make use of a simile, the supplying of a country with education may be likened to the supplying of a great city with water,—the first step in the business is to erect a great reservoir or fountain-head, from which the lesser streams may be diffused in all quarters. The foundation on which I rest my argument is, I humbly conceive, sound and obvious. Literature and science are things for which there is naturally no demand, GENERALLY, in the public mind in any country. A taste for these refinements of civilization must, therefore, be first created by, as it were, a forcing process, and until that taste is so created, you may set about the erection of Common or District Schools till the end of time, but will find that all your labours have been vain and fruitless. \* \* \* I am quite aware," Scotus then goes on to say, "that it is quite common to hear persons state, in reference to Scotland, that she owes all her education to her Parish Schools. A more ignorant assertion was never made. Scotland, and I flatter myself I know her well, owes all her education, PRIMARILY, to her Universities; and it may with safety be affirmed that had not these venerable fountain-heads of learning been first erected by the piety and munificence of her Kings and Churchmen, such an establishment as a parish school in Scotland would never have had an existence."

Our Scotus was Mr. David Burn, formerly Deputy Registrar for the county of Wentworth. The pamphlet containing his collected letters is entitled "Colonial Legislation on the Subject of Education."

I next mention the *nom-de-plume* of "British Canadian," attached to a long series of communications in the *Hamilton Spectator* some twenty years ago: treating ably of a great variety of public matters; among them, of education. I give as a specimen of "British Canadian" a short extract, which will serve to show the agitated state of the public mind on the subject of education in 1851. He strongly opposes, under the circumstances of the country, the retention of a



faculty of theology in the national university. He says: "It is with difficulty that the great English universities retain their exclusive religious character: and surely it is needless to attempt to raise up such an institution in Canada, after the experience we have already had. Canada, which glories in its British parentage, is happily placed at such a distance from the seat of empire, that we can contemplate the throes of church and state corruption, if not without fear, at least not without warning: for just in proportion as the church derives support from the state, *i.e.* from the endowments of public property, so is the danger of religious commotion and sectarian enmity. This cannot be fostered by surer means than by the establishment of an exclusive university." "British Canadian," nevertheless, advocates a genial intermingling of religion with common affairs. On this point, he delivers himself thus, in Letter cxvii., wherein he draws a picture of the ways of the world, only too truthful: "Many persons, I am aware," he says, "are opposed to the introduction of religion in politics. Not because they are averse to religion, but because they consider it a subject too sacred to be mixed up with the news of the day. Politics with them is the business of the day: religion relates to eternity. In other words, all their talents and energies they devote to those objects which seem to promise worldly prosperity: and their hours of ease and lassitude they devote to religion. How mistaken such persons are, in separating religion from the more immediate business of their lives, I need scarcely point out. Suffice it to say, that by so doing they run the risk of losing the substance, while they are pursuing the shadow. Six days they labour, with no higher object in view than to increase their worldly store: the seventh day they generously devote to their soul's ease. They go to the house of God for an hour or so, and having criticised the sermon, the duties of religion they consider fulfilled: and they devote the rest of the week to secular affairs and politics. I admit that a newspaper is not the place where we should look for a sermon or discourses on the necessity of prayer and the virtues of a holy life; but there are circumstances connected with religion which render it not only proper, but which imperatively call upon us to take notice of them, and to urge them upon the consideration of our fellow-subjects. These circumstances exist in Canada West at the present moment." (This in January, 1851.)



The letters of "British Canadian" were from the pen of the late Mr. Edward Ermatinger, of St. Thomas, author of a valuable and interesting "Life of Colonel Talbot, and History of the Talbot Settlement."

I am now, finally, to identify some *noms-de-plume* which from time to time in the past have been appended to poetical productions of note in our Canadian periodicals, and to give samples of each. In accomplishing both portions of this part of my undertaking, I shall aim at brevity.

1. The first of my poetical *noms-de-plume* is that of "Roseharp." In 1823, a literary magazine was issued for a short time at York (Toronto), entitled "The Roseharp; for the Encouragement of Loyalty, Genius and Merit;" and in Fothergill's *Weekly Register* there were occasional communications in verse, subscribed "Roseharp." Here is a specimen, dated Jan. 8, 1824:

O where was Prudence, cautious power,  
 When first my venturous youth began?  
 She came not to the Muses' bower,  
 Where passed I many an idle hour,  
 To tell of life's short fleeting span;  
 Nor did she prophesy of woe  
 To chill my heart's impetuous glow.  
 "But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail."  
 This was my favourite minstrel's song.  
 My morn like his was fair and bright—  
 Then Hope with Pleasure danced along,  
 And gave me visions of delight;  
 Then wildly throbbed each pulse at thy sweet smile:  
 O linger yet, sweet Hope, with me awhile.

The originator of the "Roseharp" miscellany, and the writer of the "Roseharp" pieces, was Mr. James M. Cawdell, attached for a time, in some capacity, to the Law Courts at Toronto, and formerly an officer in the army.

2. In 1825, also from the press of Charles Fothergill, appeared a rather elaborate poem entitled "Wonders of the West, or a Day at the Falls of Niagara," by "A Canadian." The *dramatis personæ* of the story are some French tourists. The metre and style are those of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Incidentally we have the following

lines in honour of Col. Nichol, recently killed by accidentally driving in the darkness of the night over the precipice at Queenston.

Nichol, the sympathetic tear shall flow  
 From all who knew thee, and from all who know  
 That, snatched in the prime of life from all that binds  
 The heart to earth, and gives to human minds  
 A wish to lengthen out existence here,  
 From fortune, friends, and family most dear,  
 Ambition's prize, nay, merit's claim, in sight,  
 Which thou had'st amply earned, both day and night,  
 With unremitting toil and anxious care,  
 Serving the country both in peace and war.  
 When thou had'st reached the summit and prepared  
 To cease thy toil, and reap thy just reward,  
 Thou wast, that moment, from the summit hurled  
 To be rewarded in another world.  
 Thy widowed mourner weeps, nor weeps alone—  
 A country's grief re-echoes to her moan;  
 Weeps for her statesman and her hero dead,  
 Nor hopes to find an equal in his stead.

"A Canadian" was Mr. James Lynne Alexander, afterwards a Clerk in Holy Orders.

3. "Erie-us" was a signature attached to poetical pieces in our local periodicals in and before 1838. I quote part of a "Eulogy on Sussex Vale in New Brunswick," thus subscribed :

Fanatic and hypocrite, disfigured in face,  
 Rant, cant, sect and radical, here find no place  
 The social relations to set all ajar,  
 And the sweets of a rational intercourse mar.  
 The politeness of kindness, the confidence fair,  
 Of integrity meek, unassuming,—the air,  
 The port, manner, habit, and action of truth  
 And true manliness, wrought into childhood and youth.  
 The graces of goodness unshackled by art ;  
 The large hospitality warm from the heart ;  
 The walk circumscribed by the duties of life ;  
 These duties fulfilled without envy and strife.  
 Oh, sweet vale of Sussex ! such things did I see  
 In thy children, the loyal, the happy and free ;  
 And I praised the good ways that our forefathers trod,  
 For the building of man in the peace of his God.

I give another sample of Erie-us, taken from a poem of his of considerable length, written in 1818, and entitled "Talbot Road." It commemorates the patriotism and energy of Col. Talbot, the local

eponymous hero: it describes the rise and progress of the settlement; its devastation by invaders in 1812; its rapid recovery. I select the writer's brief recapitulation towards the end of his poem. It reads like a passage from Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Occasionally a primitive local name, as Catfish Creek, is ill-adapted to poetic purposes. Thus Erie-us sings:

In Norfolk county, first the Talbot street,  
 East, makes its course through Middleton complete;  
 Thence into Middlesex, through Houghton gore,  
 And thence through Bayham, (where was marked before  
 A bridle-path)—thence Otter Creek comes down  
 From Norwich, lengthwise, nearly through the town,  
 On which, e'en now, the oar fair Commerce plies  
 And the first efforts of her empire tries—  
 Earnest of future wealth. Next, alongside  
 Is the fine thriving town of Malahide,  
 In which famed Catfish has its eastern source  
 And spreads the richest bottoms in its course.  
 Wellington mills, late-built, on Catfish stand,  
 To answer agriculture's loud demand;  
 A work substantial, such as should be found  
 Where a fine growing country stretches round.  
 In order next upon the list appears  
 Yarmouth, whose fame has filled ten thousand ears,  
 For beauteous plains, rich soil, translucent rills,  
 Its rolling surface and its verdant hills;  
 Its waving cornfields and its meadows gay,  
 Where bleating flocks already bound and play;  
 A town, St. Thomas, is in Yarmouth laid,  
 On a bold bank by Kettle river made,  
 O'erlooking the broad vale which 'neath it lies—  
 A striking picture in the traveller's eyes.  
 Southwold succeeds, in which the North Branch road  
 Turns off to Westminster, as has been show'd:  
 Next Dunwich, ending Talbot Road the East,  
 From whence it is denominated West.  
 Next Aldbro'. Now the reader must be sent  
 From Middlesex into the county of Kent:  
 Then follows Orford, &c.

"Erie-us" was Adam Hood Burwell, afterwards Col. Burwell, after whom Port Burwell on Lake Erie is named..

4. I have already given a poetical quotation from "Cinna," and identified the writer. That was from a piece in the style of Hood. I now give a few lines from a song in graver strain, by the same hand:

I trembled when her warbling voice	And pride forgot his dream of self
Poured forth the tide of song,	To utter words of praise.
And bade the admiring hearts rejoice	The worm the rose's petals fold,
Of all the listening throng.	Gnaws at its inmost core,
Wealth ceased the while to sum his	And love that never must be told
To catch the thrilling lays; [pelf,	Consumes the heart the more.

5. In 1843, "Plinius Secundus" published at Toronto his "*Curia Canadenses*"; or, the Canadian Law Courts: being a Poem describing the several Courts of Law and Equity," &c. The writer adopts the Hudibrastic style. Thus he proceeds:

A COMMON PLEAS was there erected,  
 Where Subject's Rights should be protected.  
 Then a QUEEN'S BENCH forthwith arose,  
 The Suitors' injuries to dispose,  
 With a Chief Judge and Puisnes four,  
 At every Term to ope the door:  
 Four times a year beginning Monday,  
 And always ending next to Sunday;  
 Cum BANCO SITTINGS for Judgments, Pleadings  
 To be digested after readings,  
 And as *mortalium nemo sapit*,—  
 APPEAL COURT then the RECORD *capit*,  
 Where great and gravest heads do meet,  
 To make the Law still more complete.  
 Then skill and science to acquire,  
 Experience and forensic fire,  
 A PRACTICE COURT behold appended,  
 That Forms and Rules may be amended  
 Now, too, is heard from legal forts  
 A regular volley of *Reports*,  
 After command from Osgoode's Benches,  
 And charge from Chiefs in open Trenches.

The following lines enumerate the places of public resort to which the Judges may betake themselves, if they will, during Vacation:

Thrice happy soil, where, without measure,  
 Enjoyment may flow o'er with pleasure!  
 For SARATOGA, or its drinks,  
 The WHIRLPOOL or NIAGARA's brinks,  
 Or Caledonia's far-famed springs,  
 Or the ten hundred sparkling RINGS  
 That deck St. Lawrence mighty river,  
 Guarding its spangled tide for ever,  
 The Judge from toil may well relieve,  
 Until his wonted strength retrieve.

"Plinius Secundus" was Mr. John Rumsey, an English attorney, who made Canada his home for a short time.

6. A writer in our periodicals in 1843 assumed the name of the poet who figures in Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate*, who had "once taken a pinch of snuff out of glorious John Dryden's snuff-box, and never suffered his friends to forget it"—Claud Halcro. I transcribe his "Crusaders' Hymn before Jerusalem:"

Now onward ! for our banners in the wind are waving free,  
The Sultan's troops are streaming forth like to a surging sea ;  
"God wills it !" is our battle-cry—Jerusalem our prize ;  
We couch the lance, we wield the sword beneath our monarch's eyes.  
Hark ! from the city of our God, our Saviour's hallowed shrine,  
The Saracen's bold music floats, the silver crescents shine !  
The Infidels have stalled their steeds within her sacred walls ;  
To draw the sword, our Christian faith—our knightly honour, calls !  
The sun is up—on tower and wall he gilds the flashing spear ;  
But the Lord of Hosts is with us ! Shall Christian warriors fear ?

Raise not the lance, nor stay the sword from slaughter of the foe—  
Peace offerings to the Holy Shrine the Moslem's blood shall flow !  
Think on the weary pilgrim, o'er the long and toilsome way  
Who dragged his limbs to Salem's walls his pious vows to pay !  
Just Heaven ! the blighting breath of war surrounds the sacred fane !  
His humble prayer is laughed to scorn, his march of toil is vain !  
Look on the holy city, that hath kissed a Saviour's feet,  
E'en there the unbelieving dog with scorn our prayers would greet !  
Then spur the steed, and brace the arm, and fling defiance high,  
For the trumpet call hath sounded, and the turbaned host is nigh !

They come, they come, with hourrà wild, and many a bristling spear,  
And the war-shout of the Paynim band breaks on the startled ear !  
They call, with words of mystery—high-shouted, earnest prayer—  
On Mahomet, their prophet false, his followers to spare !  
But we unto the living God our hopeful incense send,  
And the shouts of rival hosts with words of adoration blend !  
Lo, in their van the crescent of bold Saladin, afar  
Gleams brightly from the lesser host, and lights them to the war !  
But our lion-hearted monarch waves aloft his trusty sword—  
Then onward, we will triumph in our arm of strength, the Lord !

"Claud Halcro" was Mr. John Breakenridge of Belleville. Shortly before his early death, his poems appeared in a collected form.

7. Some forty years since, many Canadian readers were familiar with the *nom-de-plume* of "Zadig," subscribed to numerous fugitive pieces of graceful verse on historical and patriotic subjects. I tran-



scribe some stanzas by this writer, on the "Martial Music of England," which is described as perpetually encircling the habitable globe :

'Tis morn on green Australia's woods :  
 The broad Pacific's kindling floods,  
   Flush'd with warm sunlight, glow ;  
 A trumpet wakes the silent dawn,  
 A war-drum sweeps its summons on—  
   Far, far, the glad sounds flow.  
 O'er spicy wave and Indian isle,  
 Such strains still greet the day-god's smile,  
   Break the bold Briton's rest ;  
 Fort William's stern reveillé beats,  
 O'er realm and main the brave sound fleets,  
 O'er the wild Afghan's far retreats  
   To Ghuznee's vanquish'd crest !  
 Awake ! pale giant of the Cape,  
 The sunlight gilds thy phantom shape !  
 Wake Mount of Lions, stern and hoar,  
 'Tis morn on Afric's golden shore ;  
   Then the bold echoes ring ;  
 Answers the Spaniard's aerial height—  
 Gray Malta's tempest-scoffing might,  
 Ionia's isles of song and light,  
   Hear the wild music sing.  
 Nor silent sleeps th' Atlantic wave—  
   The chorus bursts once more  
 Up from the Gallic Thunderer's grave—  
   Bermuda's summer shore.  
 Fair England's voice is swelling now  
 Round old Quebec's embattled brow ;  
   On, on the war-strains sweep,  
 O'er Erie's wave, o'er soft St. Clair,  
 Fresh clarions waft the burden there  
   O'er Huron's giant deep.  
 Lone wood and lake the glad sounds wake,  
   Till Columbia's rushing river  
 Sweeps its tribute song to the main along—  
   Old England's might forever !

It was understood that "Zadig" was the *nom-de-plume* of Mr. J. H. Hagarty ; since, the Hon. Chief Justice Hagarty.

8. I regret that I am not able to give a sample of "Isidore," an admired writer of verse some seventeen years since in Montreal periodicals. His pieces have been collected in book-form under the general title of *Voices from the Hearth*. They are said to evince poetic feeling, melody of diction, and happiness of expression. The

author's real name is Ascher. Though called to the Bar in the Lower Province, he has taken up his abode in England.\*

9. One who, as a poet, appears to have sought to be known among us chiefly as "he who sang the Song of Charity," has, besides the composition bearing that title, contributed to our literature several pieces of permanent interest. I quote the close of a poem of his, entitled "A Canadian Summer's Night." It is a picturesque description of the sights and sounds and suggestions of a night spent on the waters of Lake Couchiching.

The lights upon the distant shore	And time it were for us to take
That shone so redly, shine no more :	Our homeward course across the lake
The Indian fisher's toil is o'er.	Ere yet the tell-tale moon awake.

Already in the eastern skies,	O Night—where old shape-hauntings dwell,
Where up and up new stars arise,	Though now, calm-eyed :—for thy soft spell,
A pearly lustre softly lies.	O soothing Night ! I thank thee well.

Just before, a canoe had been passed, evidently bound for Rama. A momentary contest of speed between it and the white man's craft is described :

Swifter and swifter on we go ;	Though swift and light the birch canoe,
For though the breeze but feigns to	It cannot take the palm from you,
blow,	My little boat, so trim and true.
Its kisses catch us, soft and low.	

But with us now, and side by side,	"Indian, where away to-night ?"
Striving awhile for place of pride,	"Homewards I wend : yon beacon-light
A silent dusky form doth glide.	Shines out for me :—Good night !" "Good night !"

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\* I have never observed a copy of Mr. Ascher's poems exposed for sale at any of the booksellers' in Toronto. The absence of inter-communication between publishers in the Canadian cities is a curious phenomenon. Books published in Quebec, Montreal and Halifax are by no means, as a matter of course, to be seen in Toronto ; and, in like manner, books published in Toronto are not, as a matter of course, to be seen in Quebec, Montreal and Halifax. In a recent editorial of a literary paper of wide circulation published at Montreal (the *Canadian Illustrated News*), it was amusing to have the writer confessing that he had never seen Mr. Watson's "Legend of the Roses," although he had reason, he said, to believe it "a work of the highest character ;" and two years had elapsed since its presentation to the public. This was because Mr. Watson's book happened to be printed at Toronto, and not in Montreal. It is probable that M. Edmond Lareau, of Montreal, had in 1874 never chanced to form the acquaintance of the *Canadian Journal*, published now for more than twenty years at Toronto, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute. We should otherwise have seen in his "Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne," some reference to the many valuable contributions to Canadian science, literature, and history which are to be found in its pages. M. Lareau's enumeration of Franco-Canadian writers is copious and interesting. On the issue of a new work in any Canadian town, might not a few copies be sent to the principal booksellers in each of the other Canadian towns for the inspection of customers ; to be taken back if not sold within a given time ? This practice would perhaps produce more buyers than the customary newspaper notices do at present.

He who sang the "Song of Charity," it is probably no serious breach of secrecy to state, was Professor Chapman of the University of Toronto.

10. To one more poetic *nom-de-plume* of distinction Canadian literature may in some sort put in a claim, namely, that of "Wil. D'Leina, Esq., of the Outer Temple." It is to be observed that the recent edition of a collection of "Spring Wild Flowers," to which that pseudonym was at first prefixed, is dated from Toronto; and some pieces now included in it will be recognized as having once graced the pages of the *Canadian Monthly*, published in Toronto. The author, speaking in his own name, in the new edition refers to these productions as "sins of his youth." *Splendida peccata*, will be the reader's observation after a study of the volume. I give brief samples :

Oh, to be in Scotland now  
When the mellow autumn smiles  
So pleasantly on knoll and howe ;  
Where from rugged cliff and heathy brow  
Of each mountain height you look down defiles  
Golden with the harvest's glow.

Oh, to be in the kindly land,  
Whether mellow autumn smile or no,  
It is well if the joyous reaper stand  
Breast-deep in the yellow corn, sickle in hand ;  
But I care not though sleety east winds blow,  
So long as I tread its strand.

To be wandering there at will,  
Be it sunshine or rain, or its winds that brace ;  
To climb the old familiar hill ;  
Of the storied landscape to drink my fill,  
And look out on the gray old town at its base,  
And linger a dreamer still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, to lie in Scottish earth,  
Lapped in the clods of its kindly soil ;  
Where the soaring laverock's song has birth  
In the welkin's blue ; and its heavenward mirth  
Lends a rapture to earthborn toil—  
What matter ! Death recks not the dearth.

And here is the opening of a colloquy between "Earth and Sea."

Sitteth the green Earth and hearkeneth to the Sea,  
 Ever as its moaning waves croon lullabie ;  
 Ever as its troubled waves ask : " Earth ! Earth !  
 Where wert thou, mother auld, afore my birth ?  
 Where wert thou then, and what wilt thou be  
 In the coming time o' Eternitie ?"  
 Answereth the Earth to the vexed Sea :  
 " I was a maiden afore I bore thee ;  
 In the formless void, where nae sun had shone,  
 I was a maiden, and dwelt all alone ;  
 As like to sic home as a babe could be  
 Fresh come frae the womb of Eternitie."  
 " And what did'st thou in thy long, long home ?"  
 Answereth the green Earth : " Long did I roam ;  
 But Eternitie's wider than Chaos's pall,  
 An' God's eye's above, and his hand 'neath all ;  
 And I heard far-off sounds that whispered to me  
 In the crooning chimes o' Eternitie ;  
 An' the life divine was aye brooding o'er me,  
 Till Time woke frae dreaming when I bore thee.  
 Within th' eerie caves of thy dark, deep womb,  
 Strange types of being fand kindly home,  
 Till in forms of beauty young life gat free  
 Frae the lone, lang dream o' Eternitie."

This garland of spring flowers, which, after the lapse of perhaps a quarter of a century, has been presented to the world afresh by the Messrs. Nelson of Edinburgh, was put together by the hand of Professor Daniel Wilson, now of Toronto, of whose name Wil. D'Leina is a partial anagram.

I might add the *nom-de-plume* of "Fidelis," and identify it. Distinguished as it has now become amongst us, in the departments of poetry, of prose-fiction, of metaphysical discussion, it has won and will retain a place in our nascent literature. But it was no part of my design to glean in recently opened spaces in the Canadian field of letters, but to confine myself to products of the first clearings. Possibly hereafter a Canadian Warton, a Canadian Hallam, a Canadian Taine, desirous of seeing of what kind were the very first shootings forth of cultivated Canadian intellect, will be thankful for the enumeration of pseudonyms now given, and for samples of the writings to which they are appended.

In the future, I suppose, there will still from time to time be appearing, under feigned names, discussions of political, social, and

general subjects, and works of fiction in prose and poetry, all so strongly stamped by cleverness and good sense, and so remarkable for the vigour, and purity, and beauty of their conception and execution, as to induce a general curiosity, and even pride, in relation to their authorship. But I think the fashion of writing in a veiled way will probably not again come into vogue to the extent in which it was prevalent during the reign of the Georges and previously. We have now to congratulate ourselves, not only on the settlement of numerous exasperating questions—which set our grandfathers at home and here by the ears, and the open discussion of which brought with it peril to life and limb—but also on the possession of a free press, and consequent upgrowth amongst us of a greater liberality of sentiment and a more charitable public opinion. Milton's doctrine has prevailed: "What advantage is it to be a man," asks Milton in his *Areopagitica* (ii. 78), "over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions—his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty—has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner."

Writers here and in Britain will probably more and more hereafter, deliver what they have to say, over their own names, fearlessly and without reproach, enjoying the *kudos* and the gratitude which communities are ever ready to accord to those who will embody in apt language for them their own latent thoughts, and conveniently supply to them "aids to reflection," and sensible views of their surroundings in the universe. Such is the choice of the contributors to the modern influential periodicals, the *Contemporary* and the *Fortnightly*, each writer signing his own name, and "standing," as Milton speaks, "to the hazard of law and penalty." Or else, as we see done in the grave pages of the old *Quarterlies*, in the ever-ready, masterly daily leaders of the *London Times*, and in the multitudinous free-lance onslaughts of the *Saturday Review*, they will prefer to discuss questions wholly in the abstract, putting out of the way altogether the disturbing consideration of authorship, and letting words and arguments go exactly for what they are worth.







1. - Lammann, Robert (Manager)

Trustee as such - 3 - [unclear]

Secy, Pastor - John M. [unclear]

Merchator - Hon. Edmund Ellise (Scadding)









